

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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CUBA IN CONGRESS.

THE Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives, after tedious incubation, have at last determined on a report. A majority of the Committee, composed of its chairman, General Banks, and Messrs. Judd, Wilkinson, Wood and Swann, have agreed to report the following resolutions, which seem to us utterly pointless, and of no value to the Cubans, in whose favor action is demanded, if required at all. Spain having got everything

from the United States she desires—vessels, guns, arms, and other material of war—need not care whether these resolutions are adopted or not. Here they are:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized and instructed to declare and maintain a strictly impartial neutrality on the part of the Government of the United States in the contest now existing between the people of Cuba and the Government of the Kingdom of Spain; and be it further

Resolved, That all acts, or parts of acts, and all provisions of the statute approved the 20th day of April,

1818, entitled an act in addition to the act for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States, and to repeal the acts therein mentioned, shall be construed to apply equally to each of the parties in the existing contest between the people of Cuba and the Government of Spain.

We prefer, by far, the resolutions fixed on by the minority of the Committee—namely: Messrs. Orth, Ambler, Willard and Myers. These are liable, in part, to one of the same objections with the others; they shut the stable-door after the horse is stolen. They come too late to be of service to Cuba; but, on

the other hand, they define clearly what is to be our future policy in struggles like that going on between Cuba and Spain. They are as follows:

That if any person shall, within the limits of the United States, fit out, arm or equip, or attempt to fit out, arm or equip, or procure to be fitted out, armed or equipped, or shall knowingly be concerned in the fitting out, arming or equipping, of any ship or vessel, with intent that such ship or vessel shall be employed in the service of any European prince or State for the purpose of subduing American colonists claiming independence, or shall issue or deliver a commission



NEW YORK STATE.—ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS—LADY MEMBERS SNOWBALLING ON THE LAWN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.

within the territory of the United States for any ship or vessel, with the intent that she may be employed as aforesaid, every person so offending shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum not exceeding \$5,000, and be imprisoned for a period not exceeding two years, not less than six months; and every such ship or vessel, with her tackle, apparel and furniture, together with all materials, arms, ammunition and stores which may have been procured for the building and equipment thereof, shall be forfeited—one-half to the use of the informer, and the other half to the use of the United States.

And be it further enacted, That, in every case where a ship or vessel shall be fitted out, armed or equipped, or attempted to be fitted out, armed or equipped, contrary to the provisions of this act, it shall be lawful for the President of the United States, or such person as he shall have empowered for that purpose, to employ the land or naval forces, or the militia of the United States, or any part thereof, for the purpose of taking possession of and detaining any such ship or vessel.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Banks, when the time comes for action, will permit the latter resolutions, or enactments, to be substituted for his own. He is perfectly sound on the Cuban question, personally, and we mistake his character if he permits the fears and weaknesses of the State Department to limit or modify his action.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, AGAIN.

UNDER this heading, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, the oldest monthly magazine in the world, takes up the same subject on which we had a recent occasion to discourse. It says :

"The *Graphic* can hardly be called a newspaper. It is a critical and art review, a weekly magazine, a pictorial essayist; and it is, without doubt, a remarkable and fine work, highly creditable to English art and English enterprise. In America, it has been the cause of a general press discussion. *Harper's Weekly* has reproduced nearly all the *Graphic* pictures. Pressmen in this country would at once believe that the *Graphic* had made an arrangement with *Harper* for the purchase of electrotypes from the Strand; but this is not so. *Harper* photographs [transfers] the *Graphic* upon wood-blocks, engraves and prints them as its own. Piracy of this kind is practiced by all the illustrated papers in America, just as it is practiced by the editors and publishers of literary periodicals and books." * * * FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is less guilty of this crime of piracy than its contemporaries. FRANK LESLIE's chief delinquency is his "Spirit of the European Press," which is a reproduction of the best pictures of the French, English and German papers. Occasionally he helps himself to a *Punch* illustration—seldom, if ever; the other day, he condescended to avail himself of the design of a new cattle-truck from the *Illustrated Midland News*, and to adapt the original text to the requirements of his New York readers. And yet we find FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER combating the criticism of the American non-illustrated papers, and condemning, in hearty terms, the pilfering of *Harper's Weekly*, and the others. So much for American journalism! FRANK LESLIE is by far the most honestly illustrated paper in America. An occasional honorable quotation of the source of foreign pictures and foreign matter would place the paper above reproach."

We have no objection to this honest criticism by the *Gentleman's Magazine*. That we do take, and reduce by photography (which, by the way, our illustrated contemporaries do not do), the most important pictures in foreign illustrated periodicals, is "most true," and we avow the fact by handing these pictures, "Spirit of the Illustrated European Press." We take these pictures on the same principle that the European newspapers copy out from American intelligence and criticisms on current affairs as, it is supposed by them, may interest their readers, and vice versa. We cannot be expected to have that sufficiently ubiquitous individual, "Our Special Artist," in all parts of the world at the same moment; and we reasonably expect that the illustrated newspapers of France, Germany and Great Britain will properly and adequately illustrate the leading events of their respective countries, as we may be expected to illustrate, and as it is our duty to illustrate, those of ours. They have the right, and are welcome to use our illustrations for the instruction or amusement of readers which we cannot, in the nature of things, reach; and we claim an equal right to use their pictures for the intelligence or amusement of the American public, whom, in the nature of things, their publications cannot reach. And here we may say, in parenthesis, that European illustrated newspapers have copied more engravings (pictures, if you like) from FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER than that paper ever copied from all the illustrated papers of Europe put together. Voilà!

We know perfectly well that there is no other *Illustrated Newspaper* in America, except our own. We publish more original engravings, and pay more to American artists and

engravers, than all the so-called "Illustrated Newspapers" of this continent put together.

What the *Gentlemen's Magazine* calls our "chief delinquency," is, in fact, one of our chiefest recommendations. It is not called a "delinquency" for the London *Times* to copy, for the information of the British public, the latest editorial expression, we will say of its New York namesake, on any matter of public interest, nor yet its account of the latest event of importance in the States. It is in the same sense that we copy foreign illustrations—as we have already said.

The only criticism which our monthly contemporary has made, to which we plead ourselves amenable, is that contained in the last sentence of our quotation. An honorable recognition of the sources whence our foreign pictures are drawn, is fairly due. After that is done, we shall be, by our contemporary's judgment, *sans reproche*.

"AND BEAUTY DRAWS US BY A SINGLE HAIR."

ALTHOUGH the sweet creature is not as economical to-day as she was when the poet wrote the above descriptive line, yet beauty draws still, and it is unimportant whether it is with or without a chignon. Beauty is ever a great motive-power in the world; ever an elevator of mankind, refining, ennobling, magnifying the race.

Physical beauty is unquestionably the meanest manifestation of the power which beauty has over man. Powerful indeed it is, and probably far more so, when its influence over the entire family of man is considered, than any other; yet mere beauty, without any added attributes, is low and almost degrading in its character. The philosopher, the saint, as well as the sensualist, feel its effects; but it is with shame that they confess it, and it is despite of their judgment and their desire.

The beauty of nature, landscape, the glorious ocean, the blue arch of heaven, the fiery sun or the pale moon, the blue mountain piercing the skies, the shimmer on the lake, the foaming cataract—these are of a higher order. Their grace and grandeur are not felt by common men. The Swiss shepherd has no thought of the sublimity surrounding him, which is the aspiration of the better minds of the whole world to gaze upon, and for which they brave the tempestuous ocean and encounter fatigue and suffering. The love of these beauties of nature are matters of education, and are the first steps toward the refinement of the man.

Almost coincident with the development of this faculty comes the love of pictures. These are representations of the same scenes and objects, are less sensuous in their character, and require an additional cultivation of the aesthetic nature, for in them there is embodied a double character—viz., the beauty of the scene and the excellence of the art that has portrayed it.

Pictures, more thoroughly than any description, imprint an idea upon the mind. The world has been many ages in finding this out, but, having done so, the school-books of the young will henceforth be more and more illustrated by the engraver's art. The descriptions of the manufacture of the milk of New York, the chemical analysis, the microscopic appearances, the confinement and torture and denaturalization of the animal, vivid as they were made in the original "Report on Swill Milk to the New York Academy of Medicine" in 1848, fell dead and fruitless till vivified and animated by the draughtsman's pencil and the graver's touch of genius. Then came action, and Frank Leslie's Swill-Milk War, crowned with the glorious success of driving the whole trade out of New York into Brooklyn.

But pictures have other effects. The persistent publication of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for years has, we contend, elevated the taste of the American community to such a point that an appreciation of Art has been thereby created throughout the nation. Formerly, the community looked at the subject, the idea intended to be represented by the artist, and if this was in conformity with their views, the picture was satisfactory. Today, they criticize both the design and the execution of the work. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has been the pioneer of art to the public taste, and will continue to be in advance of the public appreciation.

Without this teaching of the community, Prang's chromos would have been impossible. Who would have wanted a bare-footed boy or a girl amid the autumn leaves? No one, as the public taste then was; but as it is now—that can recognize not only a pleasant idea, but a finished execution—why, these things are a success, and Prang makes a fortune. It was implanted in nature; Leslie watered, and Prang takes the profits.

Can the beneficial aesthetic influence of these chromo-lithographs be too highly estimated? Probably not. For who shall calculate the moral and intellectual benefits to a community that has the ever-present cheap teaching of these life-like pictures before it day and night.

Those pictures of the cross, encircled with a wreath of flowers—the cross, with the woman clinging to it—and again another, with the clinging figure, not so engaged in lifting herself from the flood as to forget to clutch at the hand of one sinking beneath the waves at her feet!

Such emblematic pictures are worth whole sermons, and a year's pew-rent to boot; for they go beyond priest and church, and get to the heart before the word, in its circumlocutory route through the intellect, can touch its portals.

And Brown's "Innocence!" Was ever such innocence portrayed? We would hang it over every orphan's bed; so that every unprotected child might remain safe under itsegis. All the talk possible about the beauty of purity, and the invincibility of simplicity, are of naught, in comparison with the suggestions springing from one glance at this exquisite design.

But the greatest beauty of all—whose power is boundless, whose influence is measureless—is that beauty which springs from a pure heart, and holy acts, and heavenly aspirations.

It is rare that we are privileged to look upon such ineffable loveliness. It is beyond coarse, external physical charms, the painter's pencil, or the poet's verse. It is that serenity that springs from purity; that fiery energy that originates in a desire to do right, from no other motive than the love of right; that impetuous zeal which is the direct emanation of a spirit devoid of self, and governed only by the holy desire of being of some benefit to the race and the world, in the service of the Source of All. This beauty is seen resplendent beneath the glass of fashion and the mould of form, which may chance to be more or less imperfect. This is an auroral beauty, coming from beyond our ken, the contemplation of which will rejoice our hearts through time, and perhaps into eternity.

We hope—fondly hope, that our dealers in tea and groceries generally are more honest than those of London. It is barely a hope, however. We would not vouch for it as a fact. Well, Dr. Letterby of London, has recently been investigating the "fine Moning congou," and other teas in some of the great tea warehouses, and finds that the so-called congou consists of the dredged leaves of exhausted tea, "for the most part quite rotten from putrefactive decomposition;" and it had been imported in large quantities into England for the express and avowed purpose of the adulteration of genuine tea. To say that this revelation teaches us to avoid cheap tea is not enough; for how are we to know at what price unadulterated tea is to be procured, or, indeed, whether it is to be obtained at all, and whether a trace of something like "fine Moning congou" may not be found in New York, in teapots, where it would be very little expected?

DURING the past year our national debt was reduced by upwards of \$75,000,000, at which annual rate, it will be seen, by the following table, it will require but twelve years to pay off the entire obligation of twenty-five hundred millions. This table shows how long it would take to pay the debt, at various annual rates, from twenty-five up to one hundred millions. A constant annual reduction of twenty-five millions is probably all the next generation has a right to ask of that which has had to bear the burthen and fight the battles of a gigantic war.

Capital.	Years.	Capital.	Years.
\$25,000,000.....	23½	\$65,000,000.....	13
30,000,000.....	21½	70,000,000.....	12½
35,000,000.....	19½	75,000,000.....	12
40,000,000.....	18	80,000,000.....	11½
45,000,000.....	16½	85,000,000.....	11
50,000,000.....	15½	90,000,000.....	10
55,000,000.....	14½	95,000,000.....	10
60,000,000.....	14	100,000,000.....	9½

MR. SHERMAN'S Funding Bill, which passed the Senate on March 11th, proposes to reduce the profits of issuing currency under the National Currency Act, by reducing the interest on the bonds deposited to secure the notes. These bonds now consist chiefly of Five-Twentieths, at six per cent; should the Funding Bill become a law, the banks must deposit in their stead new bonds, drawing upon the average only four and a half per cent. interest. This change will save to the Treasury nearly \$5,000,000 a year, the whole of which will be taken out of the profits of the national banks.

THE London *Spectator* has found a good reason why Great Britain should acquiesce quietly in the annexation of Santo Domingo to the United States. "Civilization decidedly gains by the transaction; for the rule of the State, whatever its defects, decidedly secures peace, an end of civil war, and a reasonable possibility of internal order." On the other hand, and it is that which most accommodates the change to British notions—"We (i.e. Great Britain) can fight most easily at sea, and every possession like Samana Bay makes it more difficult for America to confine her warfare to the land. Hitherto

she has had no possession she could not reach by land: Now she will have one which she can only defend by naval victory." N. C!!

In any theatrical representation, calls in the middle of an act, or interruptive of the illusion of a representation, are wholly reprehensible and should be suppressed as strenuously as possible. It was with this view the managers of the Theatre Royal at Dresden recently forbade the performers to accept calls before the termination of an act, as "the practice interrupted the progress of the action on the stage," and respectfully requested the audience to abstain from such demands in future.

THE Americans residing in Hamburg having formed a club of their own, called "The Washington Club," nominated General Garibaldi to be their Honorary President, sending him the diploma, which reached him on New Year's Day. They have now just received a letter from the aged Lion of Caprera, thanking them for this flattering distinction, and accepting it with cordiality.

UNLESS some change has taken place in Boston and thereabouts within the past two hundred years, we would not like to be in the place of Mr. Representative Tarbox, who argued that the Sabbath, "as now observed, is a relic of the Jewish religion, and has no warrant in the teachings of Christianity." What a bad box Tarbox would have been in at the period referred to!

ALTHOUGH the bill for opening the Boston libraries to the public on Sunday passed the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, by a vote of 97 to 54, it was defeated in the Senate by a vote of 19 to 10—which affords another reason for asking, "What is the use of Senates?" They arrogant power, and they oppose reforms!

INFLUENZA—ITS CAUSES, CHARACTER, AND TREATMENT.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

A DISEASE, even of a character trivial in itself, is often elevated to a degree of importance on account of its locality, and which, otherwise situated, it would never have attained. Thus, influenza—a disease not ordinarily of a really serious nature, being rarely fatal, except in weakly children and the very old—is important, not on account of the organs affected, or the amount of actual inflammation attendant, but because, attacking the head and upper portion of the air passages, it interferes with the ordinary habits of life, and annoys, disturbs and irritates both body and mind.

Influenza is a disease locally attacking the air passages, from the nostrils to the lungs, but not necessarily affecting these organs. It comes on after some slight exposure, but more especially when this exposure has occurred during some great climacteric evolution; when a breaking up has occurred during the winter, and a damp, warm, murky phase has been succeeded by one slightly colder, but into which no healthy frost has entered. One perhaps has, on such an occasion, felt slightly chilled, and this is followed by gradually increasing symptoms, resembling a cold in the head, with frequent demand for the pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes there may be some slight cough, but this is caused by irritation of the throat, and usually soon passes away.

This irritation advances, and, in despite of the ordinary home remedies, assumes a more inflammatory type. Breathing through the nostrils is almost impossible; sometimes, however, the passages on either side open alternately, and allow the exit of a large amount of accumulated mucus, sometimes simple in character, but more frequently tinged with blood, or limpid, stringy, and of a reddish orange color. The taste and smell entirely disappear, and the appetite becomes greatly diminished.

In spite of these and other general symptoms—such as fever, loss of appetite—business-men strive to continue about their business, but almost always, sooner or later, are obliged to surrender a day or two to its important claims upon the strength and energy of the individual.

I have said that these attacks come on during atmospheric changes. Some facts are adduced which would incline to the idea that the electrical condition of the atmosphere plays some unknown part in the propagation of this disease, inasmuch as meat, sent up by means of a kite into the air, during the prevalence of one of these epidemics, returned putrid, after a very short exposure.

Then, too, these epidemics are sometimes very extensive, and, at others, extremely local; sometimes, too, so severe is the type, and affecting every one exposed so generally that whole communities have been affected. In fact, an immense English fleet, in 1782, was compelled to return to port, as the entire crew of the armament were prostrated by this disease. On arriving at the port, they speedily recovered; and a second fleet, leaving the harbor in perfect health, were in the same manner prostrated when they arrived at the same locality. This fact shows not only its epidemic character, but also its absence of relation to any supposed miasm of terrestrial origin.

The treatment of influenza, no matter what its origin, is of some importance, but the facts already indicated must guide us no little in this matter. As it is not a simple cold caught from

exposure, the ordinary treatment of diluents and sweatings have little beneficial effect. In fact, profuse perspiration is one of its ordinary accompaniments. The old maxim of "Stuff a cold" will be found not only unadvisable, but actually impossible, from the complete absence of all appetite.

The specific effects of the Jesuit's bark, so marked in beneficial results in all forms of diseases of this character, is here especially valuable. It will not be advisable, however, to disgust the enfeebled stomach by a large quantity of useless and disagreeable-tasting inert bark, but the scientific potentiality, in the forms of cinchonine and quinine, may be substituted. One grain each of these chemical extracts, made into a pill, and taken every two or three hours, will the soonest break up the disease.

All stimulating food and drink are especially to be avoided. The weakest form of tea, with simple toast, or, better still—to come down to first principles—bread and milk, or mush, rice or grits, will soonest allay the inflammatory symptoms.

In some previous articles that I have written upon "Colds, etc., etc." I have advised hot weak dilutions of whisky, and efforts to be made for producing sweats. Not only are spirits and wine, in any form, unadvisable, but they will be found to greatly increase the congestion of the head, the pain in the temples, eyes and cheek bones; and also, when the disease is very considerably abated, a single drink will not unfrequently reproduce all the symptoms, with a general renewal of the disease and all its pristine aggravations.

The intense thought which literary men are required to employ, is also especially unfavorable to speedy cure.

It is not always pleasant for one debilitated and suffering from influenza to go about and attend to out-of-door business; but it is very doubtful if the disease is really magnified thereby, inasmuch as the atmospheric character upon which it depends is the same within the house as out of it.

The knowledge of its dependence upon climatic influences may be beneficially used, in case one is called upon to make a journey, as he may gladly seize upon the opportunity to escape from the infected region; not unfrequently, the effect of this change of air is noted after a few hours' distance has been made, especially if the journey has been from the seaboard inland, or vice versa.

A great relief from the pain in the nasal passages may be found from the use of the catarrhal snuff composed of chlorate of potash, gum camphor and white sugar (already mentioned as made by Gabaudan, 925 Broadway), and the recipe then given. By its frequent use, the pain is subdued, the coryzal flow modified, and a local curative attempt made which is sometimes successful.

One thing is to be remembered. Influenza don't stay cured necessarily, and repeated attacks may come on in seasons of unusual meteorological alternations.

FINE ARTS.

ART IN NEW YORK is about to lose a name which, while benefiting by its connection with it for some thirty years, more or less, has also been of serious and positive benefit to Art. Mr. J. P. Beaumont, the veteran connoisseur and pioneer in Taste, is about to retire from active life. Connected, as a young artist, when his studio was in the Old Arcade, between Malden Lane and John street, with such artists as Jarvis, Col. Trumbull and Vanderlyn, he has lived to see Charley Elliott and Leutze, painters of another generation, pass from us. In the first period, New York had simply some Hundred and Twenty Thousand inhabitants. Now it has more than a Million. Then, its Academy of Fine Arts was in its infancy, located in the top story of some building, and living from hand to mouth. Now, it is housed in its own domicile, up-town, and has even managed to get up an internal Revolution, like other Empires of larger means, but with no more than the same indifferent modicum of common sense.

Yes, if Mr. Beaumont was willing to take upon himself the pen of a *raconteur*, he might give us a volume of reminiscences of the most charming kind. His connection with our most celebrated patrons of Art, and with some of the most eccentric of our former artists, would enable him to make it rarely entertaining. Oddity of action and character too commonly accompanies literary or artistic genius.

However, luckily for reputation and name, he is not addicted to the tittle-tattle which is the operating idea of modern biography. He simply quits the busy world, by selling off his private collection of paintings and curiosities, disposing of his furniture, and renouncing henceforward the delights, the struggles, and the successes which attend connoisseurship in Art. He has placed in the hands of Mr. Miner—alone in the firm of Leeds & Miner since the death of his senior partner—the whole of those paintings which he respected too much to sell, together with some hundred of recent importation. These will be disposed of on April 18th and the following days. We say, "those paintings which he respected too much to sell," and say it with justice. Mr. Beaumont's stock in life was his singularly fine taste. But, at times, when he got an extraordinarily delicious or a strikingly fine picture, his taste stood in the way of his purse. He kept it for himself, to enjoy and gloat upon in his own drawing-room or library. Such are his extraordinary head—merely a sketch—of Mrs. Morris—by Gilbert Stuart, and his two Coles. Such is his George Washington, also by Stuart—his Zeem—his Cuy (the father), and a score or more of positive gems, some of which have been in his possession for more than twenty-five years. Yet these, with some four hundred paintings, none of them of low merit, but nearly the whole standing in the very front rank of Art, he has made up his mind to part with. There is a *De Bylandt*—*"The Lake of the Four Cantons,"*

one of the most charming German landscapes ever painted. He has the finest Robbe we have ever seen—and the very best Carl Hubner ("The First Grandchild") ever imported into this country. But, indeed, the whole of his pictures range on so level plane, and so thoroughly high an one—with a very few exceptions—that praise would be merely reduplication of the words previously employed. We shall, consequently, say no more, save to express a regret that he should cease to be actively connected with the Art for whose development in America he has done so much.

He was the first man who slowly put behind him the old masters, and devoted himself as a connoisseur to modern painting. His taste grew with the time. Forty years since, no one thought, except in sparse instances, of buying a modern European painting. Gradually he has made our home-taste acquainted itself with the Tschaggenys, Zeem, Verboeckhoven, Van Schendel, Robbe, and a hundred others. In benefiting our taste, he has, in an indirect way, benefited our native Art. No contemptible landscape painter himself, in former days, he abandoned his profession for a more profitable calling, which has proved of the greatest advantage to the American school. Now that his work is done, both for himself and the public, he quits the arena as a successful athlete, whose last struggle with fortune deserves to outshine all his others in its brilliant result to himself and the reputation which it will leave him.

MR. PRANG'S SALE.—It is a gratification to us that this gentleman should have disposed of the pictures he had purchased for Chromographic reproduction to such positive advantage. Scarcely one of them was sold at less than a considerable advance upon its original price. This is the more pleasing, as it must prove to Mr. Prang that he has entered upon a sure road to fortune. What he buys as a matter of necessity, he loses nothing upon by its reproduction. On the contrary, the picture actually increases in value. When the laborer in Art is a worthy one, this is deserved by him, and is a tribute both to his taste, and the admirable accuracy of his translation of the pictures by stone and color.

BOOK NOTICES.

MANUAL OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. Compiled by JOSEPH SHANNON.

This beautiful illustrated volume, for a copy of which we are indebted to Mr. John Reilly, evidences great care and taste on the part of the compiler. Besides the usual statistical and other information relating to national, state, and county officers, and to those of the various charitable and other institutions, it has a large amount of financial and commercial statistics. The great attraction of the work, however, and not a little of its value, consists in its historical matter, and the accompanying fac-similes of old maps and documents.

THE WORKSHOP ALBUM. Edited by Professor W. BAUMER, J. SCHROEDER, and others. New York: E. Steiger.

Consists of ninety-two quarto pages of engravings of exquisite novel designs, principally for household furniture and ornamentation, taken from back numbers of "The Workshop," not yet published in English. The selections have been made with much care, and with an especial view to their practical value for designers and artists.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From T. B. PETERSON & BACH: A very neat, complete edition of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads;" "Love After Marriage," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz; and "Lost Sir Massingherd."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Festival of the Carnival in the Streets of Barcelona.

The Carnival was held with unusual splendor and humor this year in the cities of Spain. It was sought as a relaxation from the cares which have pressed upon the people, with no light hand, during the year which closed at the opening of the Lenten season. Insurrection abroad and political commotion at home, the national treasury empty, the taxes more than merely burthensome, and the country rent and paralyzed by the demands of the Conservatives, the Orleanists, the Carlists, the Bourbonists, the Progressistas, and Liberalists, have not made the temper of the haughty Iberian more genial than it was. Still, the Spaniard is not without his humor. If he had it not, Cervantes would never have written the adventures of Quixote, nor Morotin his incomparable comedies. In the ancient and somewhat cosmopolitan seaport town of Barcelona, the *fête* was exceedingly brilliant. A procession entered the city at an early hour, preceded by a giant and giantess of unusual proportions, followed by deputations from Lliria—for those in the procession, when placed, as in the engraving, near the mock deportation from Brodingnag, looked more like dwarfs than people of average stature. The procession, amid a dense crowd, passed through those unequalled promenades, La Rambla, Muralla de Trino, and Muralla del Mar, and, finally, in due time, entered the Plaza, near where that ancient and curious superstructure stands, formerly known as the Palacio de la Deputation, but at present, because occupied by the courts, called the Audiencia. The Carnival continued until a late hour in the evening, and then quietly subsided.

The Proposed Channel Railway Ferry.

At the narrowest part of the English Channel, the distance from shore to shore does not exceed twenty-two miles. But, for rapidity and safety of transit, it is proposed to construct, at great expense, in Dover harbor, piers, or jetties, which shall extend some distance into the sea, and, running nearly parallel, form a basin and slip for enormous ferry-boats, of sufficient capacity to take on board trains of cars of the most formidable length; and, in the shortest time possible, propelled by powerful machinery, pass from shore to shore. The new passage across the Dover Channel is much shorter than the one to Calais. The place selected on the French coast for the proposed ferry harbor is Haringzel, about ten miles to the northward of Calais, and distant from Dover twenty-three miles. From Haringzel, the railway will continue to Calais, and thence, as now, to the French capital. The works proposed

for the harbor on the French and English coasts are elaborate, massive, and costly. An express train, leaving London, can, by the plan proposed, proceed directly to Paris or any other place on the continent, leading from Calais. Many schemes have been proposed for overcoming the space which now divides England from France—among these a tunnel under the channel, and a bridge over the sea, sustained by abutments sufficiently strong to resist the action of the severest storms; but, the least expensive and most feasible is now thought to be the ferry—the boats of which, even in heavy weather, will be enabled to land on either shore the train, with its carriages and locomotive with safety and dispatch.

Crossing the Line.

It is customary for the crew of a ship passing the line to celebrate this event by a curious ceremony. The ship is thoroughly cleaned and dressed with flags and pennants. The crew dresses fantastically, and one of the officers represents Neptune, the god of the seas, while a boy acts as the god's wife. Both god and goddess are drawn around the deck of the ship on a wagon, which is surrounded by other mythological and fabulous characters. Those of the crew and passengers who have never before crossed the line, are "baptized" by Neptune, who drops them in a bucket full of water. Such who prefer being dispensed with this act of baptism, are obliged to free themselves from it by presents of brandy, cigars, wine, etc., to Neptune and his wife.

Spring Exhibition of Flowers at the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, London.

Although the latitude of London is ten degrees further toward the Arctic pole than is that of New York, its climate, during the winter solstice, is at least ten degrees nearer the tropics. On Wednesday, March 2, the Royal Horticultural Society of London proved this thermal, if not geographical, fact by giving an exhibition of spring flowers, nearly all cultivated in the open air; and among the most magnificent specimens, says an English contemporary, were many orchids, camellias, cyclamens, and primulas. The weather was so genial that a very large and fashionable company attended, and remained afterwards to hear the band of the Horse Guards, in the conservatory.

The Procession of the Fat Ox on Shrove Tuesday, in Paris.

The festival of the *Bœuf Gras* is an ante-lenten feature in the French capital. It is accepted by Parisians as a sort of carnival, and looked forward to, by a large class, with no little interest. The *fête* generally continues through Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Four prize oxen, conveyed through the streets, with the sacrificial Roman augurs, upon low cars hung with drapery, flags, and evergreens, were on this occasion accompanied not only by the triumphal car of Clodocle and the usual masqueraders, but also by an Egyptian galley, filled with people in the costumes of all nations, to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal. Our illustration shows the scene in the courtyard of the Tuilleries Palace about three o'clock on Tuesday, when this fantastic array came to present itself to the eyes of Napoleon III., the Empress Eugenie, and the Prince Imperial, who looked down upon it from a balcony of the Tour de l'Horloge.

The Reading-Room of the Imperial Library, at Paris.

Among the libraries of Europe, the imperial one in Paris is the largest, containing principally manuscripts of great age and value. The Hotel Mazarin is the place where these treasures are kept; but the reading-room, which we illustrate, was recently built, and only completed about three years. This room is splendidly decorated, and furnished with heavy oak tables and chairs for the convenience of those who call there to examine or study the books or manuscripts. These latter are kept separate from the books, in a smaller room, where the access is only granted upon special permission from the Emperor's Librarian. Such permission can be had by applying in writing to that officer—who requires, however, a recommendation from a respectable Parisian known to him.

Rev. J. M. Bellew's "Hamlet," at St. George's Hall, London.

Rev. Mr. Bellew has introduced quite a novelty, in the matter of readings from Shakespeare, to London audiences, and one that is said to be exceedingly popular. He is declared by his admirers to be one of the most accomplished elocutionists of the day, and his novelty consists in so changing the tones and modulations of his voice that those on the stage, behind the desk at which he reads, are simply required "to go through the motions" expressive of the passions. The play is "Hamlet," and the passage illustrated by the artist is the Ghost scene on the ramparts. The London *Illustrated Times*, commenting on the reading, remarks: "He reads the words of the play as few men can read them, while the lay performers enacted the appropriate gesticulation upon a stage furnished with the necessary scenic accessories. The costumes were carefully accurate, and the whole performance was regarded a marvelous success, despite occasional slips on the part of the gesticulators."

The Harvey Torpedo.

Since the introduction of the submerged torpedo for the protection of coasts, harbors, and rivers, rendering them exceedingly dangerous to hostile fleets, experiments have been conducted by nearly every maritime nation, to the end that an effective system may be discovered that will prove of sufficient value to defend, without the cost of extensive fortifications, which are now of little defensive use, seaports and approachable coasts. A system of defense, by placing in the channels of harbors submerged and floating torpedoes, to be exploded by electricity, was introduced, with considerable effect, during our recent internece war, and effectively prevented the national ships from entering Charleston harbor, until, by the flank march of General Sherman, its defenders were forced to retire. Captain Harvey, of the British Navy, acting on the hint thus given, lately turned his attention to the invention of a torpedo which has proved exceedingly powerful and, when, ever fairly tested, admitted to be most destructive. The Russian Government has adopted, for shallow water defense, this inventor's shell, and now, as recent experiments at Portsmouth show, the British Government is seriously considering the propriety of adopting it. Commenting upon its force, the London *Graphic* says: "The destruction which this little weapon deals is truly terrible, all the more terrible that it is entirely hidden. A hostile ship may be quietly proceeding on its way up a river or into a harbor; no notice, seemingly, is taken of it, no other vessel approaches to bar the way, no guns are fired from the land at the intruder, but in a small hut on shore are two or three men silently standing round a white table, on which the view outside is thrown by a large *camera obscura*, and anxiously watching the progress of the doomed vessel. As she nears one of the pencil-marks with which the table is studded, the chief pronounces but one word, 'Fire.' A man touches a spring, brings the electric wires together, and the torpedo explodes, usually causing such damage to the enemy's hull as to sink her immediately."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

JENNY LIND has been singing Ruth again. GRAU is going to bring Rossi, the Italian tragedian, to us.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS appear to be pleasing the folks down East.

THALBERG refuses to play in public, and prefers to cultivate grapes.

HORTENSE SCHNEIDER will sing, this spring, at Berlin, Vienna and Florence.

NILSSON, Schneider and Moisset are the observed of all observers at the Bois, Paris.

SIGNOR A. Biaggi, of Milan, has just finished a memoir of Rossini, five hundred pages long.

THE fete given by M. Offenbach to the artists of the Bouffes-Parisiens and Varietés was a success. None of the guests went home till morning.

MDLLE. PATTI will give a series of farewell concerts in New York, at Steinway Hall, commencing Wednesday, April 5, on her return from her Southern tour.

MADAME SCHILLER was giving operatic and dramatic performances in Sacramento, Stockton, and Marysville, Cal., with a German company, at last advices.

BELLEW, the Englishman who is making a sensation by reading Shakespearian plays with a pantomime troupe to "go through the motions" on the stage behind him, is a clergyman of the Church of England.

THAT TONY Pastor's establishment is very popular with east-siders, may be learned from the fact that it is a very rare thing to see a slim audience there—even in bad weather the attendance being quite large.

Fox's burlesque representation of Hamlet continues on an even course. In spite of the feeling maintained by many that such a beautiful play ought never to be lowered in dignity by burlesque, the piece draws crowded houses, and the audience seem well pleased.

MISS GEORGINA DAVIDGE, the youngest daughter of William Davidge the well-known and popular comedian, at present of the Fifth Avenue Theatre; is about to make her *début* in Brooklyn, the city of her birth, as a vocalist. The young lady has a soprano voice of much compass and power; and considerable curiosity is evinced by those who have heard her, as to her future position.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL are playing to immense houses through New York State. They make farewell "return visits" to Troy and Schenectady on the 30th and 31st of March and the 1st of April. An Albany paper thus describes a toilet worn by Mrs. Paul, a few nights since, at a concert in that city: "It was a robe à la traine of pale green satin, and over it a demi-jupon in white tulie bouillonant, embroidered with silver flowers, and trimmed both at the bottom and round the corsage with silver fringe. At the end of the train were bouillonnées of tulie spangled with silver, and a deep silver fringe. The draperies were raised with narrow bands of sable, and epaulets of the same fur were posed at the shoulders; an innovation, with regard to the evening dresses, that has excited no end of comment. A green satin culterne, secured with a diamond brooch, a broad black velvet necklet richly embroidered with diamonds and emeralds, and clusters of white snowballs, drooping over a fillet of diamonds in the hair, completed a toilette in admirable taste." Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul visit Boston for a series of farewell representations, beginning April 13th; after which they return to New York, to play a few nights, and then depart for Europe.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

JANAUSCHER is worth \$100,000.

THE REV. ALBERT BARNEA is failing rapidly in health.

THE CZAR appends fifty-two titles to his name on imperial decrees.

GARIBOLDI is so dechrist that he is nearly always confined to his bed.

HENRY VINCENT, the English reformer and orator, is lecturing in the West.

GRACE GREENWOOD is secretary of the Washington branch of the New York Cuban Junta.

PROFESSOR PACKARD, of Dartmouth College, will shortly assume the Latin professorship at Princeton.

MR. MEKHAN, the editor, who was recently shot by Dr. Keenan, in New York, is pronounced out of danger.

THE PRINCE OF Hohenlohe has worn for twenty years on his left leg a golden bracelet, in fulfillment of a promise to some foolish girls.

A NUMBER of gentlemen of all politics at Liverpool have subscribed for, and are about to present to the town, a statue of Mr. Gladstone.

OCTAVE FEUILLET, the favorite author of the Empress Eugenie, at the special request of her majesty, is at work upon the memoirs of her husband.

IT is reported that Andrew Fitzharris, a man who has driven a dray for twenty years, at Cincinnati, has fallen heir to \$100,000 from English relatives.

THE REV. T. STRATTON, of Millstone, N. J., has accepted a call from New York, at a salary of \$2,500. Four years ago he worked in a Philipsburg foundry.

PRESIDENT GRANT's private retreat from the cares of office is a quiet room at a large

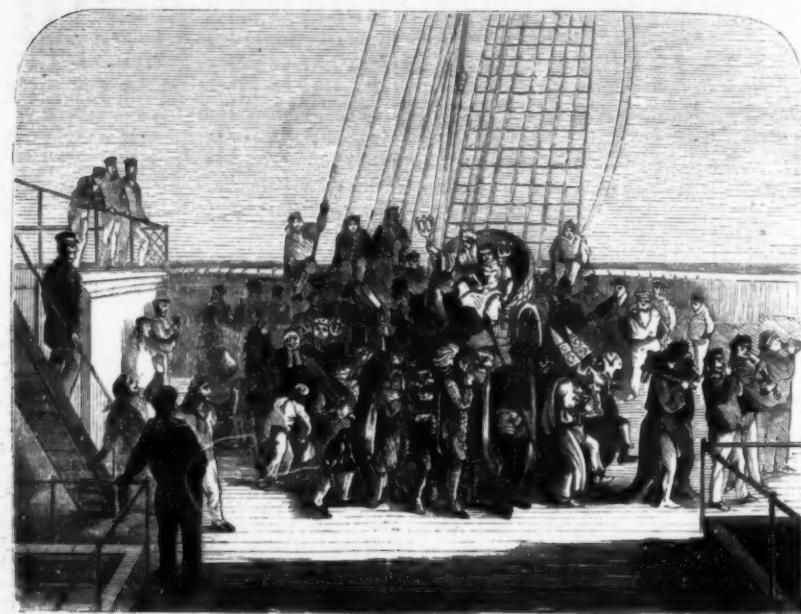
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 51.



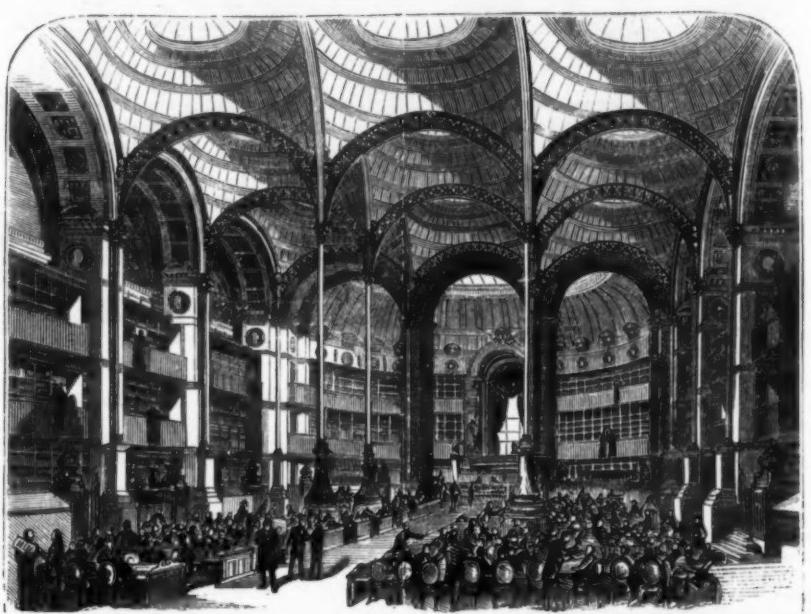
SPAIN.—FETE OF THE CARNIVAL IN THE STREETS OF BARCELONA.



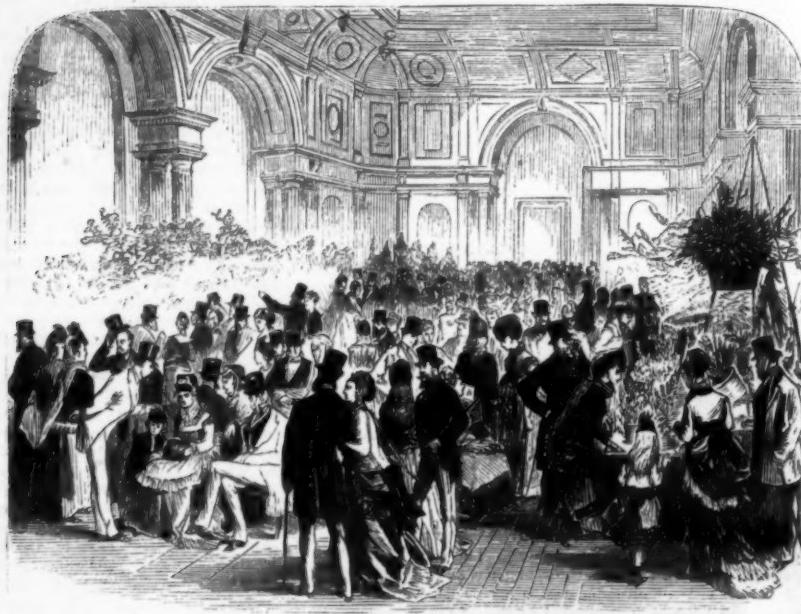
FRANCE.—PROCESSION OF THE FAT OX, AT THE TUILLERIES, PARIS, ON SHROVE-TUESDAY.



AT THE EQUATOR.—THE RECEPTION OF NEPTUNE AND HIS COURT.



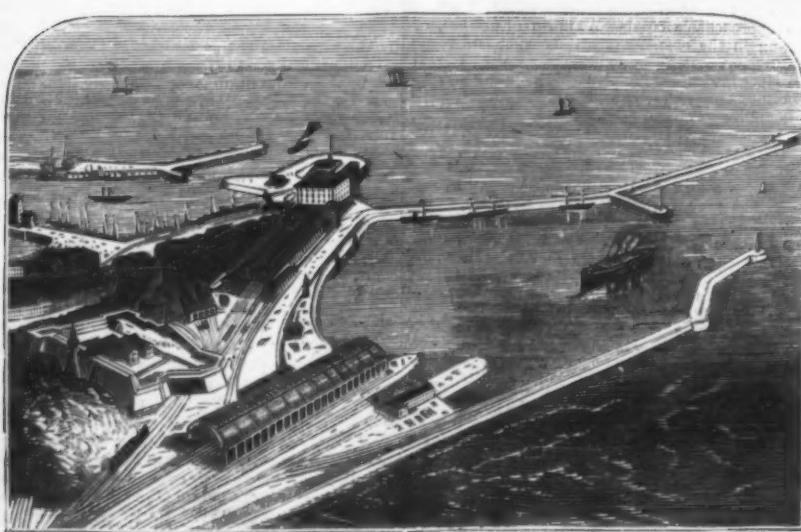
FRANCE.—THE READING-ROOM OF THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY, AT PARIS.



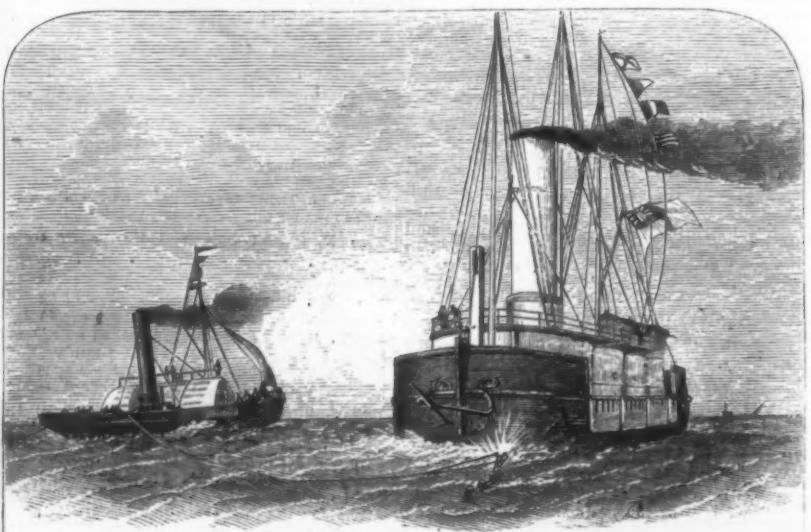
ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION OF SPRING FLOWERS, LONDON.



ENGLAND.—REV. J. M. BELLEW READING HAMLET, AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LONDON.



ENGLAND.—PROPOSED CHANNEL-RAILWAY, FERRY-STATION AND PIERS, AT DOVER.



ENGLAND.—TRIAL OF THE TORPEDOES INVENTED BY CAPTAIN HARVEY, OF THE BRITISH NAVY.



ILLINOIS.—THE PROPOSED NEW PACIFIC HOTEL IN CHICAGO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ARCHITECT'S PLAN BY J. CARBUTT.—SEE PAGE 56.

A BARE BODKIN.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

(Concluded from our last.)

CECIL was lost in thought all that day, while endeavoring to conjecture any method by which the funds could be increased; and by nightfall she was half desperate with the sense of impossibility and poverty. It was their own night for receiving, and it happened, that, as Cecil came down, Mrs. Chickering Matthews met her at the door of the drawing-room, holding her diamond brooch in her hand.

"I have lost one of the stones," cried Mrs. Chickering, in consternation. "Do, help me look for it. It certainly was not gone when I put the pin in, up-stairs. And I have an idea that I heard something fall on the carpet too. I cannot imagine where it has rolled, if it did drop. Ah, here is my brother!" And, detailing her loss anew, she recommenced the search, aided by the other two. "It was so careless of me," said Mrs. Chickering in distress, "not to have examined the setting that has been worn so long. I would not lose it outright for the world—it was Henry's last gift, you know—I valued it so for his sake."

It would have been a serious loss on its own account—that large and brilliant stone. Cecil had many a time admired and envied it, with its five mates in the splendid cross; each one of them was worth a couple of thousand dollars, she knew, and she remembered it now, as she stooped and bent her lofty head under table and *jardiniere*, and kneeled and pushed the hand-screen of peacock-feathers, beneath an escritoire, to brush the stone out if it had chanced to hide itself there. She had been in a bitter mood, as she met Mrs. Chickering with the other splendid jewels flashing in her hand, to think that that woman held idly thus, what would give her a chance to win her happiness for life; for, as it has been said, Cecil had come to put all her faith and trust in the one fact of the possession of money. And then, while still searching, the thought crept curdlingly over her, that, if she found this diamond, she had only to close her hand on it, and there would be her chance.

Chance does not come to us twice in that way, said Cecil, and to neglect it means ruin. But to steal the stone? A St. Mar? Lightning-swift the answer came—not stealing, but borrowing; when all is won, it can be repaid her, and with interest; and there was no other resource. Findings were havings, the old proverb said, and

never called it stealing; and just then there came the sound of carriage-wheels, and the bell began to ring.

"Are you sure it did not fall out in the case, or on your dressing-table?" said Mr. Matthews.

"Certainly, it is nowhere to be seen here."

"I sent Mathilde up to see. But she cannot find it either," moaned the sister-in-law.

"Then it has been stolen," said he. "Do you know anything about Mathilde's honesty?

I will see to it to-morrow. We have an excellent detective about the banks."

"Oh it will be of no sort of use; if it is gone, it is gone."

"Oh yes it will be; it is out of the question to let it go by, at any rate, and keep thieves in the house."

"Here come the Browns," said Mrs. Chickering. "Dear me! always the first and the last. Too bad! I must give it up, then, till the people

are gone. Don't tire yourself, looking any more, Cecil, my dear," as Cecil still stooped and groped about, with one hand resting on the floor, and her gloves in the other, "I don't care about hearing of the lost stone from every one in the room either, as we shall do if they find us searching. There they come! Good-evening, Mrs. Brown—so glad! Mr. Brown. We began to fear you would be late. So good

of you to let us have a moment before the crowd."

And just as the Brown entrance had been effected, Cecil rose, replacing with the tip of her foot the fringes of the rug that she had turned up, and with a color like a flame in her cheek, unused to any color, and kindled there perhaps by stooping, perhaps by something else. That color staid fixed and fast all the evening; and, if she had ever been beautiful before, that night Cecil was radiant—radiant with something more than beauty too—with a fancy that it would not be so difficult for her, after all, to win the love of this man who followed her with his eyes, who kept beside her half the evening—radiant almost with a sense of happiness already begun.

About a fortnight afterward, Cecil's new dresses for the season came home. She spread them out herself, for she had no maid, and admired them all alone in her room, more than any one else was ever likely to do. She alone knew at what a sacrifice they had been obtained. There was one—of a delicate lavender-tint, with amethyst velvet train, and point-lace ruff of the Elizabethan time—that she knew would be a robe of conquest when she swept by in it, stately as some old St. Mar portrait—and just as hollow at the heart.

Born of a proud and passionate race—one proud of outside appearance, though utterly indifferent concerning any inner state—and accustomed to unlimited self-indulgence so far as possibilities allowed, and even as they all had been, the moment that she had fastened her desire on an object, Cecil ceased to care by what means she obtained it; and since she saw no stain on her hands, sometimes she believed that there was none there. Sometimes, not always; for there were twilight hours when her cheeks burned, and her heart grew sick, and remorse overtook her, and shame, and she would gladly have died but for that hope of making the matter right at last.

Though Cecil went out, under Mrs. Chickering's chaperonage, as much as ever now, it happened that Mr. Matthews went, almost always, with them; and, in the house, Cecil presently found that when she was there he was never very far away. She went out because they had a habit of it; she no longer cared anything about it; she no longer cared anything



HON. GIULIAN C. VERPLANCK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 56.

but to be in his presence, to give him pleasure; with a strange dawning of something like unselfishness in her horizon, it seemed to her that she wished only to make him happy. She used to take the little children on her knee, before the lamps were burning, and while there was only the dancing fire-light throwing its shadows about, and tell them the wild, fairy stories, recalled from her own childhood, and sing them songs they never were tired of hearing. There was always another auditor than the children. Once, after the children had been sent up-stairs, and there was yet only the soft firelight in the room, Mr. Matthews came and stood before her, as she sat there by the hearth, and leaning one arm on the mantel, looked down on her a moment ere he spoke.

"Cecil," said he, "you used to say, when you first came here, that you meant one day to marry and leave us, but only for wealth. Yet if that had been so you would hardly have refused Mr. Jekyll and a dozen others. But I was idle enough to believe you."

"It was idle to believe such idle words," said she, gently.

"They were idle words?" he asked eagerly, willing to be deceived.

"No," she answered, "not altogether. But a year brings changes."

"How has the year changed you, Cecil? Going out among these people who possess the wealth you coveted, did you see the absence of all real happiness so clearly, that you gathered a distaste?"

"No; they seem happy enough—all these people. And, if they were not, that would never signify to me. It does not follow, you know, that I should be miserable because others have been."

"Do you mean—"

"Are you so anxious to have me out of the house," said she, looking up at him, with her wonderful smile. And in another moment he had bent and lifted her, and held her close in his arms, and she had found what she had wrought for.

But every guilt is followed by its retribution in its own time, in large or less degree; and in the midst of Cecil's joy, hers came to her. Every kiss her lover gave her, each caress, in the height of the bliss it brought, brought one sharp pain—a pang to think no kiss and no caress were hers—were really hers; that they belonged only to the woman he fancied her to be; to no Cecil, but to an ideal; that he would shrink from her and hate her if he knew she were—Cecil would not say that word even in the silence of her own brain. She longed now, as the weeks fled, for her marriage—not that she desired to change this dreamy state of delight for any other, though it were more delightful yet—longed for it ignorantly and simply, and loathed herself for longing—that she might have the purse which Mr. Matthews' wife must have, and which would enable her to right the wrong she had done. For the rest, she was half her time in a rapture, and she used to be startled at herself to find that she was breathing and living only through Mr. Matthews, and her love of him; that her love was growing into an idolatry. A creature of stormy impulses, and only lately enlightened as to her own emotions, she trembled to think of her own destiny if any evil chance were to befall him; life would have no more value; she knew she should destroy herself, or worse, that she should go mad.

One afternoon, as Cecil came down dressed for dinner—though, owing to a mistake she made in glancing at her watch, and fancying she had missed the dressing-bell—more than an hour too early. Mr. Matthews also came in a little before his usual time, and they were alone in the drawing-room a few moments. Just as he left the room, on some summons, he put a little parcel into her hands. "My darling," said he, "in a month's time you will be my wife, and all that I have will be yours. You must not refuse to take this portion of your own and make your wardrobe what my bride's should be." And, as she hesitated, he added, looking at her—superb in the chosen toilet of lavender silk, and the ruff of costly lace, and the billows of the amethyst velvet around her, as she sat, and bent her head to the light, with the ruby-handled dagger in her hair—"nobody but my darling could ever have made those St. Mar heirlooms—those ancestral brocades, and velvet, and laces—look as if freshly furnished for a queen! But now there is an end to all that; and while I live, the best the world affords shall be her own!"—and he had gone, too hastily for reply, and had left in her hands a purse with what once would have seemed a fortune in it.

Cecil's heart was still beating with the gush of gratitude and love that welled up to fill it, with the shame and the swift assurance of bitter unworthiness, even in the mere deceit which she practiced in listening to those last words of his—he—in a robe as new and costly as the finest lady in the country wore that night—and then, with the fresh remembrance of the way in which she came to have it, the heart beating wildly and anew till she almost shook in her chair. But with it all—with the trouble and the shame—the joy was most intense; the love of him gave joy itself. And as for that wrong, she meant to right it. Why not do so now? Why not, indeed? In his lavish ignorance he had placed far more than enough in the purse for that and for her wardrobe too. And when she had brought back the stone, had gotten it in some way into Mrs. Chickering's possession again, then she would try and make herself worthy of him, of his manliness, his nobility, his honor. There was an hour yet before dinner; she had come down early, favored by fate; this was what she had been intending to do; there was plenty of time for her to pin up her splendid drapery about her, to throw waterproof and veil over all, call a coach at the corner, repurchase that stone, and be back again before the soup was served, ready to lay the diamond among the lace folds of the hangings

around Mrs. Chickering Matthews' dressing-table. She sprang to her feet animated with new life, and in three minutes the hall door had closed behind her, and, almost directly, a coach, rolling as rapidly as wheels can run, carried her whither she would. Three-quarters of an hour afterward she was sitting again in the same place by the fire, a flush of exercise, perhaps of triumph, on her cheek, a smile of satisfaction on her lip. Now, she said to herself, the thing was done; there was no blot of thief on the St. Mar name; a jewel had been borrowed and used for a little while; as soon as Mrs. Chickering's dressing-room door should be open, it was to be returned; it would be returned that very night, and then the hands that had had it would be clean—clean enough for her lover to take. When he kissed them, they would not stain his lips. And her soul would be clean too, the poor thing thought, now that the burden was off, the sin abandoned. Now she could begin to be worthy of him and his goodness, she murmured; she had been so ignorant before love educated her and showed her what virtue and nobility were. And false as all the reasoning was, nevertheless this desire for virtue was a beginning of virtue, and she was warm and pulsating with the resolve and hope of being one day not altogether undeserving of her husband. She glanced up at his portrait, thinking thus, and her face grew transfigured as she gazed, and all the force of her stormy love was written on it, as he opened the door and entered the room again, with another person following him,—following, very probably, more instantly than he had intended.

Mr. Matthews came forward and took her hand and held it with a gentle pressure. "Cecil, my love," said he, in his stately way—not noticing that the person was close behind—"the detective who has been engaged in the search for my sister's diamond—you remember about it, though the business has been so disagreeable that we have not troubled you with hearing much of it—this detective is coming up. He thinks you can afford him the one clue that he needs, if you will be so kind, and so I have allowed him to see you—"

With the words, Cecil had snatched her hand away from him in the gesture of avoidance and banishment of such a thought; but, at the motion, and before Mr. Matthews could interfere to ask if it were too unpleasant, a glance of that keen, gray eye of the stranger's, as the man bent for an instant before her, commanded her like a fascination, and, transformed out of that glowing mood of passion as suddenly as the red-hot iron turns to steel, she sat like a stone, listening to what he might have to say, and prepared, all at once and instantly, for anything. For anything? No, only for one thing. Not in the least prepared for escape, for safety from shame; but iced and hardened and ready for discovery and death; for, to her, discovery was death.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the detective, still standing in her presence, "for intruding myself upon you in what must seem an unjustifiable manner, if my solution of the mystery concerning Mrs. Matthews' diamond is wrong."

"Pray, proceed," said Cecil, in a careless manner, but with a strange tone, that, low as it was, had as hollow a ring in it as if coming from a long distance, and startling, in some slight degree, both to Mr. Matthews and to the detective.

"Being placed in charge of the case of which we are speaking," said the detective, resting his hands on the slender fire-screen, while Mr. Matthews stood impatiently beside Cecil's chair, "I have naturally had every facility afforded me in the freedom of the house, and have as naturally used every means in my power to work the case up successfully. I had a double interest in doing so—for I am under such personal obligations to Mr. Matthews that my desire to serve him is almost the strongest wish I have." He paused a moment. "I will tell you, madam," said he—then choking back some manifestations of emotion—"tell you without reserve—I was once a thief myself. He rescued me, reformed me, advised me in this profession, assisted me, and procured me my situation with the banks. And when I felt my first suspicions, in the matter of this diamond, as to the real culprit—I beg your pardon—as to the individual for whom I was on the lookout—I saw that in serving my employer here, I must hurt him—hurt him to the quick—and I hesitated, I let the thing rest, I could not find the courage to proceed. I had made one arrest already—an innocent person, I fancied afterward, now I know she is. I could not say what to do. To set free the innocent one obliged me to name the guilty." As he paused again a moment, and wiped his forehead, Cecil slowly lifted her hand to her head, toying with a lock of her dark hair, with the ornaments in it, while surveying the man with her great eyes, that burned like fires, but never wavered in their gaze. Mr. Matthews leaned his arm along the mantel, as his custom was, a little nervous over the man's prolixity; a little wondering what was coming, why the man had chosen to speak with Cecil, how the revelation was going to hurt him; smiling a little at the absurdity of such a supposition; fearing a little lest the business should weary or annoy Cecil, lest it should disgust her to be dragged thus into the affairs of some thief, and greatly admiring her grand and calm condescension as she heard him.

But Cecil no longer feared, or wondered, or admired anything. To what words was she listening! She—a St. Mar—"he was once a thief himself?" There was no condescension in her manner, certainly—how could there be, when listening to one who spoke to her on terms of equality? He was once a thief himself!

The man, lingering ere he began again, shifted his position, and still delayed.

"Pray, proceed," said Cecil once more, as indifferently as before.

"I said I could not find the courage to go on

with the case," said he. "But the thing went on of itself. When Mathilde—for whose arrest, in the beginning, I thought I had the right evidence—sent for me to go to her prison—Perhaps you were not aware that she was arrested? You thought she left her place in resentment of the charge? You would not have suffered her to go if you had known?"

Cecil was gazing at him steadily, but she made no sign of hearing what he said, and Mr. Matthews had become completely bewildered.

"When Mathilde sent for me, I say," continued the man, "and declared her honesty, and assured me that her sick mother would die, was dying, of starvation, through the want of her wages, and begged me to look further, and to vindicate her innocence—then the suffering of the girl made me see that I owed a duty to more than to Mr. Matthews, and that I had no right to wait and let her innocence prove itself, as, after my later discoveries, I had quieted my conscience by saying to myself it would. I had no right to ruin a working-girl to save a lady, and moreover—cruel kindness though it were—I had no right to stand by idle and see my benefactor ruin all his future, when a word from me could hinder it."

As he hesitated in his speech, once more, a slight shiver disturbed Cecil, and a great tress of the hair, which she had loosened as she toyed with it, fell down her shoulders, and the little ruby-hilted dagger that had held it up fell with it. She caught the glittering bauble, and, folding her hands before her, still gazed at the man, as if waiting for him to finish.

"I had no right, I say," exclaimed he, suddenly, as if warming with indignation at her passive silence, "to let my benefactor ruin him by union with a person guilty of a crime. For, madam," he continued, as Cecil suddenly smote her heart with one hand, and still kept her eyes on his—"for, madam, I had traced that diamond to the person to whom it was pawned, discovered who pawned it, terrified the person holding it, under threat of prosecution for complicity with the theft, into giving me information of any further communication from the person bringing the stone. And to-day, being sent for while you were delayed, I saw that diamond delivered into your hands—"

"Be silent!" roared Mr. Matthews, now suddenly, and for the first time, comprehending the whole drift of the man's words, and springing forward, as he spoke, with some idea of seizing him, and throwing him to the ground. But he had no need of opening his lips. For the man had checked himself, and crying, "What is this?" was bending forward, and staring with straining gaze at Cecil, who still sat there with her great wide-open eyes fixed on him, with her two hands clinched over her heart.

But there was no longer any speculation in those wide-open eyes; the face was the pale and pinched face of a corpse; and those death-white hands were clasped above the ruby hilt of the little dagger, driven to the very spot where her father once had told her a keen blade could let the soul go free, and leave no drop of blood on the threshold. For, with nothing left to live for, what could Cecil St. Mar do but die?

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY ISAAC G. REED, JR.

The readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER were, in our last issue, presumed to be enjoying themselves in the "Family Hall" of the Oneida Community. But, curious as are the aspects of this department of life among the Free Lovers, they are surpassed in interest by the peculiar domestic performances and purposes to which the apartment known as "The Upper Sitting-Room" is devoted. Let us, then, glance comprehensively at this

"UPPER SITTING-ROOM."

This has been described, by one of the Community, as "high, airy, with two large windows touching the floor, soaring thirteen feet, and catching the rising sun; surrounded on the north, west and south by a double tier of bedrooms, one above the other, with an overlooking gallery between," etc. To a person who has never seen the room, this will sound like elegance. The imagination will, perhaps, furnish it with all that is graceful and beautiful—rich damask curtains, vailed with finest lace, adorning the windows; thickest of velvet carpets covering the floor; oak panelings for the doors; handsome satin papering on the walls, etc. But, in this case, fancy would be in error, for, though certainly a very cosy as well as unique apartment, the furniture here, as elsewhere, is of the plainest description compatible with comfort and a certain degree of ornament. The main feature of the room is the fact that it embraces two stories in height—a corridor, instead of a roof, separating the two floors—an arrangement similar to that of the grand decks of the Drew, St. John, and other Hudson River steamboats, from which Mr. Noyes conceived the idea of the construction of this apartment. During the day, a large table occupies the centre of the room, and at our first visit we found beside it a young and handsome man, seated in a sort of carriage (his lower limbs being, we believe, paralyzed), reading the papers, with a look of home enjoyment about him seldom seen in the profane world outside of this novel community. A number of neat engravings were suspended from the walls, while a yet neater bureau, at one side, suggested the presence of femininity, which agreeable idea was still further strengthened by the passing to and fro, or the peering in occasionally, of the "bloomer" specimens of creation. But, cheerful as is this

"Upper Sitting-Room" through the day, it becomes still more pleasant during

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR,"

as the period between six o'clock and seven o'clock in the evening is designated. During this interval, the children of the Community—some fifty in number—are gathered together in full force and glee, and entertain themselves and their elders by going through a series of intellectual and physical gymnastics. Certainly, a happier set of children were never brought together at one place, at one time, in this world—not a healthier. It would have done any father or mother in the land good at the heart to have witnessed the faces and the figures and the antics of the little darlings. There can be no deception about children. Their chubby cheeks and their ready repartees, their quick motions and their quicker understandings, cannot be gotten up to order, at a few moments' notice; and so, when we witnessed the entertainments afforded us during "The Children's Hour," we felt satisfied that we were looking at something *real*; and reality is something we do not look at too often in this world.

A perfect understanding seemed to exist between the children and their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, or their mother-sisters, or father-brothers, or their other "mixed" relations, the results of "the complex marriages," or non-marriages of the Community. Everybody knew everybody (and no wonder, for everybody was related, somehow or other, to everybody else), and smiles were on the faces alike of the baby of four years, or the old man or old woman of eighty; for in the upper sitting-room, at night, three generations are distinctly visible. Thus, by the bureau already mentioned, sat Father Noyes himself—the founder of them all—who surveyed the scene in proud and contemplative satisfaction; next him sat a toothless, white-haired woman, more than old enough to be his mother; while several of his own children were to be found among the number of innocents collected together in the group in the centre of the room, in the space occupied in the daytime by the table. The children commenced operations by forming a ring and singing a description of the toils and pleasures of a peasant's life, illustrated *vis et armis*.

Thus they chanted:

"This is the way the peasant works;" and, meanwhile, expressed the acts of digging and plowing by pantomime, etc., etc.; and at last terminated with

"This is the way the peasant rests,
This is the way the peasant rests,
This is the way the peasant rests,
When his work is done."

At which happy conclusion they simultaneously threw themselves upon the floor, in the most gracefully indolent poses imaginable. Then Mr. Burnham—already introduced to the reader—brought his chair into the circle, and told the children a story about bad boys, and how he had circumvented their naughtiness; then informed them of some contemplated improvements in the externals of the Oneida Community, in which, they seemed to take fully as much interest as their elders; and, finally, the happy youngsters formed a line, and marched off, singing, to their beds.

THE YOUNGER VERSUS THE OLDER MEMBERS

Simple justice compels us to confess that we have never witnessed, nor do we ever expect to witness, a pleasanter spectacle than was presented during "this children's hour;" and certainly, no matter how much evil may, must and does exist in the Oneida Community, it would be well for all respectable associations, schools and families, if there existed among them an institution analogous to this charming "children's hour."

Truth is truth, and, though "crushed to earth, will rise again;" so, there is no earthly use in denying what will be rendered evident to any unprejudiced visitor in twenty-four hours, that, as a class, the children of the Oneida Community are more healthy, more hearty, apparently more happy than, and certainly fully as "smart," in the ordinary sense of that term, as the majority of children in the world at large. But, on the other hand, as a counterbalancing and terribly suggestive fact, it must be stated that the adults, especially the female adults, of the Community, appear to be as much below the average of really healthy women as the children are above their ordinary standard. True, the Oneida Community justly claim that its death-rate is proportionally small, but, *de l'autre coté*, what might be called the "perfect health-rate" of its adult females, judging from external indications, would seem to be below the average.

Later in the evening, when the entertainments "in the family hall" were over, the "children of a larger growth" gathered once more in their favorite haunt, "the upper sitting-room," and passed an hour in social converse. The scene was quite animated. A group of old women chatted at a table; another group of young girls talked and laughed, standing near the mantelpiece; several old men sat and dozed in the corners; young men were here, there, and everywhere; a mother, with a baby in her arms, peered out every now and then—and all seemed happiness and peace.

WHAT A LADY SAID.

While in the "upper sitting-room," we were introduced to a Mrs. Miller, one of the leading women of the Community—a pleasant-faced, full-eyed blonde-brunette, of medium height, attired in a bloomer dress of flaming red. "Her voice was soft and low—an excellent thing in woman;" and, in the course of our conversation, the lady alluded to the fact that she had recently been absent on a visit to another branch of the Community, but was heartily glad at being once more in the bosom of her family at Oneida. "I use the word family in

our sense of the term ; and, I assure you, sir, it is the true sense—how true, you will never understand until you join our Community." We bowed politely, though dubiously; and then Mrs. Miller alluded to the persecutions to which the Community had been exposed in the early stages of its history, expressing her belief that its days of social martyrdom were over. "I even think," said she, "that the world at large is beginning to understand us, and appreciate us. Oh, sir," exclaimed she, earnestly, "the world will come to love at last."

"Yes, madam, undoubtedly," we replied, "but not to *free love*."

"Love, to be love, sir, must be free."

"But, excuse us, madam; it strikes us forcibly that this peculiar species of love is too free—by about two hundred, or thereabouts."

"So it seems to you, sir; but you do not—*you cannot understand us*;" and we confessed our inability. Mrs. Miller, however, appeared to be perfectly "persuaded, in her own mind," that the time would come when universal freedom would prevail—"freedom from slavery, freedom from inequality, freedom from poverty, freedom from selfishness, and freedom from marriage." She also seemed to be, beyond the shadow of a doubt, convinced that not only was the Oneida Community the social paradise of this earth, but that it was the locality, above all others, of spiritual holiness and Biblical truth—the earthly haven and heaven of all true Christian believers. This implicit faith in their own convictions, this unhesitating trust in their own righteousness, is a characteristic of all the members, young and old, of the Oneida Community; as much so as is the wonderful—if we may be allowed the term, the "stunning," frankness with which all the men, and all the women—and, for that matter, some of the boys and girls—allude to their "peculiar" doctrines. They discuss topics at the Oneida Community without a particle of hesitation, or the first symptoms of a blush, which, in the outside world, are seldom discussed at all, or under the rose. They call this style of procedure openness of heart and true modesty; quote the familiar adages, "To the pure, all things are pure," and denounce us "outside barbarians" as practitioners of prudery, affectation, mock delicacy, and false modesty. Whether they are right or wrong, it is for the public to decide. We do but state the facts.

Toward the close of our conversation with Mrs. Miller, the lady alluded, with evident pride, to the spectacle presented to our view during the children's hour; and, by a natural sequence of thought, the subject of children suggested that of

EDUCATION.

On this point, both the theory and practice of the Oneida Community are very commendable. The younger children are allowed plenty of physical development; fresh air, exercise, and ample, healthful food are theirs in abundance; while, at the same time, they are educated, first, theoretically, at their primary school, in the ordinary method, by the lady-teachers appointed for the purpose (our engraving represents Mrs. Noyes teaching the young Community idea how to shoot, as we saw her at our morning visit); and, second, practically, by being instructed to perform various household "chores" early in the morning, and, "between-times," during the day. The older portion of the Community are attended to intellectually in the lecture and recitation rooms of the seminary, which adjoins the children's school, and is located on the same side of the road as the store and office. A chemical class has been formed, under the auspices of young Mr. Noyes, who is a graduate of Yale, and is meeting with deserved success. After dinner, a number of the Free Lovers cross from the main building to the turreted, and picturesque academy, and there and then pass a pleasant and profitable hour with acids, alkalies, and other chemical compounds. The Communists believe in "integral" education, and endeavor to combine practical art with moral training, while "book-learning" is not by any means neglected.

A large and well-filled library is located in the main building, or Community home, on the ground-floor, directly at the entrance to the grand staircase, and is constantly patronized. It is fitted with every convenience in the way of windows, and lamps, and ladders, and shelves, and other necessary paraphernalia; its table is supplied with the papers of the day; and, in all respects, the library of the Oneida Community is a very creditable institution, and, whether visited by day or night, will repay the visit. Its reading is mostly of the "solid" scientific or practical sort, with a number of historical and theological volumes included.

NO ROMANCE IN FREE LOVE.

We may here remark, that few works of fiction—"novels," so called—are to be found among the books of the Oneida Community; and our readers need not wonder at this fact, for what is the foundation idea of the majority of modern novels? Love; and, what is more, love in the ordinary meaning of the word, and certainly not love in the definition of the Free Lovers. No, there are few romances in the library of the Community, just as there is no romance in the life of it. The poetry of the passions, the sentiment of the affections being destroyed in the latter, it would be absurd to allow them to exist in the former; and thus there are no novels among the Oneida Community.

The subject of education suggests, naturally, that of

GOVERNMENT.

And on this point we were deeply concerned and intensely curious; for, the more we thought of the matter, the more difficult the problem appeared to be, to govern a community, in which, by its very nature, one man or one woman was, to use an apt vulgarian, "as good as another," and in which everything—property and persons, and, of course, "government," too—

was "held in common." The problem was solved for us by the leading men of the Oneida Community, after the following fashion. We give their own statement of their own system of government:

"We are governed by love," said Mr. Cragin; "by love and common sense and the unselfish spirit of Christ. This is the fundamental principle which controls our organization. Its details are simple. We have a Business Board, comprising the chief men and women of the various industrial departments—"chief" I mean, in a professional or official, but not in an individual sense. This board has a chairman and secretary, and meets weekly. Its meetings are public to all who choose to attend, and when its decisions are made, they are submitted, whenever necessary or advisable, to the voice of the Community, assembled in the Family Hall. Then, in the spring of the year, and at other times, a general council is held, and the respective posts of labor of the various members of the Community are determined upon. In deciding these, every attention is paid to the natural tastes and adaptability of each individual, subject always, of course, to the general voice of the society. And we endeavor to satisfy everybody, as far as possible. We act upon the jury system; we regard not only the majority who may agree with us, but the minority who may differ, and we convince the latter we are right before we go ahead. We leave no grumbling, growling minority behind us. Our actions are unanimous; our government is a true democracy, a genuine republicanism, a sublime theocracy, a ruling by the love of God and of each other. The report of our Business Board is as freely open to the inspection and comments of the humblest member as to Mr. Noyes himself. A standing committee is appointed annually to have charge of the general interests of the Community, to change the hands in the various lines of employment, etc.; but these standing committees are but creatures of the Community's will; and the only difference between those who occupy official positions, with us, and those who do not, is, that the former work the hardest for the common good. 'He that will be chief among you, let him be your servant.' In fact, the government of the Oneida Community," said Mr. Cragin—and he evidently believed it—"is precisely similar to that of the early Christian church in the days of Pentecost." But, to tell the truth, as it appeared to us, profane outside observers, the reality of this matter was, that Noyes, Senior, manages everything—himself out of sight—through Cragin, Sen. and Jr., and his son, Noyes, Jr., and his factotum, Burnham, and the rest, and that all these fine theories are but words skillfully used to disguise this state of things. Still there is no denying that the Oneida Community is well governed; and, although compulsory labor is unknown, yet voluntary labor is performed, to a greater or less degree, by every man, woman or child in the society.

One strange feature characterizes the labor system of the Community. The old adage

JACK OF ALL TRADES

must necessarily be a master of none, is not believed in, but the very reverse of the maxim is acted upon constantly. Bulwer's idea that "a change of labor is rest," is put into force, and when a man or woman grows weary of one line of employment, he or she simply asks to be transferred to another branch of industry—and the request is granted, with apparent advantage to all concerned. Mr. Noyes, Sr., has, in his own case, been "everything by starts, and nothing long," and has yet done all things well, and some things very well indeed. He has tried his hand at farming, mason-work, job-printing, bag-making, peddling, blacksmithing, editing, trap-making, and book-making; and in the first and the two last of these "lines" has achieved a pronounced success. He is also a mechanical inventor, and a first-class business-manager. His son is a chemical lecturer, a silk manufacturer, and a business-agent; Miss Miller is a phonographic reporter, a book-keeper, an editor, a chemical experimenter, and a musician; and numerous examples of this sort could be given, did space permit. In sooth, in many other respects—entirely unconnected with their heterodox notions of the relations of the sexes—the Oneida Community presents the curious phase of

A MINIATURE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN—

a world in which the ordinary ideas of society are disregarded and dispensed with. There are no rich and no poor; there is no government (as such), and yet no anarchy; there is no labor system (as such), and yet there is a perfect system of labor; nobody has any special business, and yet everybody is busy; and, as previously remarked, though the inner life of the organization is simply damnable, the outer life is, in most respects, to the highest degree commendable. One of the many odd features of Oneida Community life is what the members

"CRITICISM."

This consists in the right, which everybody exercises freely, to discuss and criticize, either favorably or unfavorably, as the case may be, the conduct, or disposition, or ability of every and anybody else; Noyes, Sr., Cragin, Sr., and a few others, only, being practically excepted. Thus, if a man or woman chances to be cross, or indolent, or stupid, he or she must submit to being "criticized" on this point, and he or she must take the "criticism," as it is meant, "kindly," and act upon it. This criticism of an individual may be confined to a few, or it may be partaken of by the whole society in "the family hall," and it may extend not only to individuals, but to their relations, *inter se*. Thus, if a man and woman manifest a dislike to each other, as sometimes happens, the criticism of the Community is directed against them, and they are expected to submit to love and be loved by each other. On the other

hand, if a man and woman, as still more often chances, evince a too decided fondness for each other's society—what the unregenerated, non—"perfectly free" world would call "love," in short—they, too, are sharply "criticised" for this dereliction from perfectionism and free love, and are expected to forthwith separate, and seek new channels of affection.

And at all hazards, and under all circumstances, this "criticism" is to be pleasantly taken and profitably acted upon. As is shown in the following choice specimen of the poetry of the Oneida Community, entitled :

"HOW TO TAKE CRITICISM."

"When your faults are kindly told you,

Swallow it down.

Don't excuse, or make a potter;

Don't rake up the gains another;

Wisely shut your mouth, and rather

Swallow it down.

"Truth's a splendid appetizer;

Swallow it down.

If you think you're wrongly or

Some things rather snugly fit,

In a word, the dose is bitter,

Swallow it down.

"Shrinking only makes it harder;

Swallow it down.

Love is in the dreaded potion.

Cured of many a foolish notion,

You will like its inward motion,

When swallowed down."

One fact is patent to the world—if the world chooses to look at it—that, considered as

A CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY,

the Oneida Community is a success. On this point figures are the most convincing arguments, and the business or financial record of the Oneida Community of Free Lovers may be thus condensed:

The Society commenced business at its present location in 1848, but did not adopt the practice of taking annual inventories till 1857. Of the period between these dates we can give but a general account. The Community, in the course of that period, had five or six branches, with common interests, scattered in several States. The Property Register, kept from the beginning, shows that the amount of property brought in by the members of all the communities, up to January 1st, 1857, was \$107,706.45. But the amount held at Oneida at that date, as stated in the first regular inventory, was only \$41,740; and the branch communities at Putney, Wallingford, and elsewhere, at the same time, had only \$25,532.22. So that the total assets of the associate communities were \$67,272.22, or \$40,434.23 less than the amount brought in by the members. In other words, between the years 1848 and 1857, the associated communities sank (in round number) \$40,000. Various causes may be assigned for this, such as inexperience, lack of established business, persecutions and extortions, the burning of the Community store, the sinking of the sloop Rebecca Ford in the Hudson River, the maintenance of an expensive printing family at Brooklyn, the publication of a free paper, etc.

But as soon as the Community was fairly under way, from that moment it began to make money and continued to do so.

In the course of several years previous to 1857, the Community worked out of the policy of living in scattered detachments, and concentrated its forces at Oneida and Wallingford. From the first of January, 1857, when its capital was \$41,740, to the present time, the progress of its money-matters is recorded in the following statistics, drawn from its annual inventories:

	Net Earnings.	Net Earnings.	
1857.....	\$5,476.11	1862.....	\$9,859.78
1858.....	1,763.60	1863.....	44,755.30
1859.....	10,278.38	1864.....	61,382.02
1860.....	15,611.09	1865.....	12,382.81
1861.....	5,877.80	1866.....	13,198.74

Total net earnings in ten years, \$180,580.26; being a yearly average income of \$18,058.02, above all expenses. The succeeding entries show the following result:

	Net Earnings.	Net Earnings.
1867.....	\$21,416.02	
1868.....	55,100.83	
1869.....	30,920.55	

Being an average, for the last three years, of \$35,612.46 per annum.

The amount of labor, gauged by time, approximates as follows, the year being considered as consisting of 364 days:

	Per Day.
Able-bodied men.....	50 7 —
" women.....	54 6 40
Invalid and aged men.....	6 3 40
Boys.....	4 3 40
Invalid and aged women.....	9 1 20
Girls.....	3 1 20

WHAT THEY COST, AND WHAT THEY EAT.

The cost of each member to the Community—in other words, the individual expenses of each member—may be summed, on the average, as follows:

Per Individual.	Per Week.	Per Year.
Food	\$1.00	\$44.44
Clothing65	35.15
Boots and shoes13	6.70
Washing14	7.22
Other Items92	47.79
Total expense.....	\$3.55	\$183.38

It must be borne in mind that the above is mainly the cost of the raw material. The labor of cooking and washing, and partly that of making clothing, boots, and shoes, is omitted. The account compares best as it is, with the expenses of a common farmer's family.

The table, or eating and drinking expenses of the Community, are thus summed up for a portion of a year:

Flour and meal.....	\$2,245.27
Sugar and syrup.....	3,312.04
Butter.....	8,846.07
Suet.....	71.57
Vegetables.....	2,680.24
Milk.....	2,682.92

Cheese.....	206.25

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NEW YORK STATE.—ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS—SCENE IN THE LIBRARY AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.

THE LATE HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

The Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, an old and much-respected citizen of New York, died at his residence, in Fourteenth Street, March 18th, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Verplanck was descended from the good old Knickerbocker stock, the name being allied to one of the earliest Dutch families that settled Manhattan Island. He was born in New York city, in August, 1786. At the age of twelve years he entered Columbia College, from which institution he was graduated in 1801. He then studied law, and after being admitted to practice, he spent several years traveling in Europe. Returning home in 1814, he was elected to the State Legislature. In 1818, he delivered a lec-

ture before the Historical Society on the "Early European Friends of America," which was afterward published in pamphlet form, and passed through several editions. During the exciting political campaign of 1819, he published several satirical pamphlets, aimed at De Witt Clinton and his friends, which attracted much attention at the time. He was a member of the Legislature of 1820, serving on the Committee on Solicitation. In 1821, he was elected to the chair of the "Evidences of Christianity," in the General Protestant Episcopal Seminary of this city. Soon after, he published essays on the "Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion," and, in 1825, a work on the "Doctrine of Contracts." The same year he was elected a member of Congress, holding that position eight years.

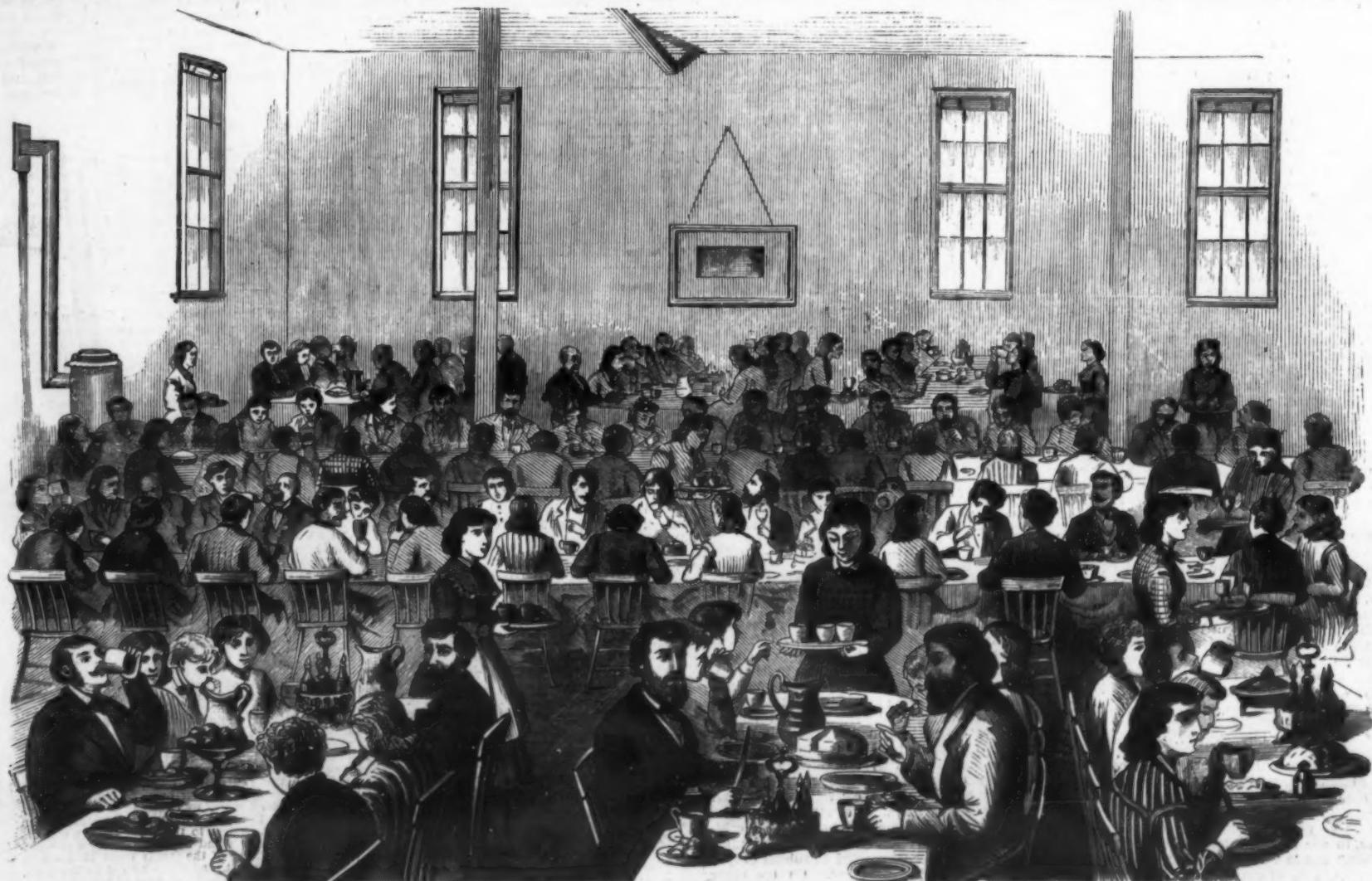
After the close of his Congressional career,

Mr. Verplanck served many terms as State Senator. He was also Vice-Chancellor of the University of the State, and held the office of Regent of the University for forty-one years. He was President of the Board of Emigration Commissioners from the time of its organization in 1847, and one of the Governors of the New York Hospital. He was one of the founders of the Century Club, an organization in which he ever evinced a lively interest, and of which he was President at the time of his death. Mr. Verplanck's last public appearance was in 1868, on the 4th of July, in which year he delivered the oration on the occasion of the opening of the new Tammany Hall in Fourteenth street. He was very decided in his political views, and never abstained from expressing them from any fear of unpopularity. Although earnest in his politics, he never prac-

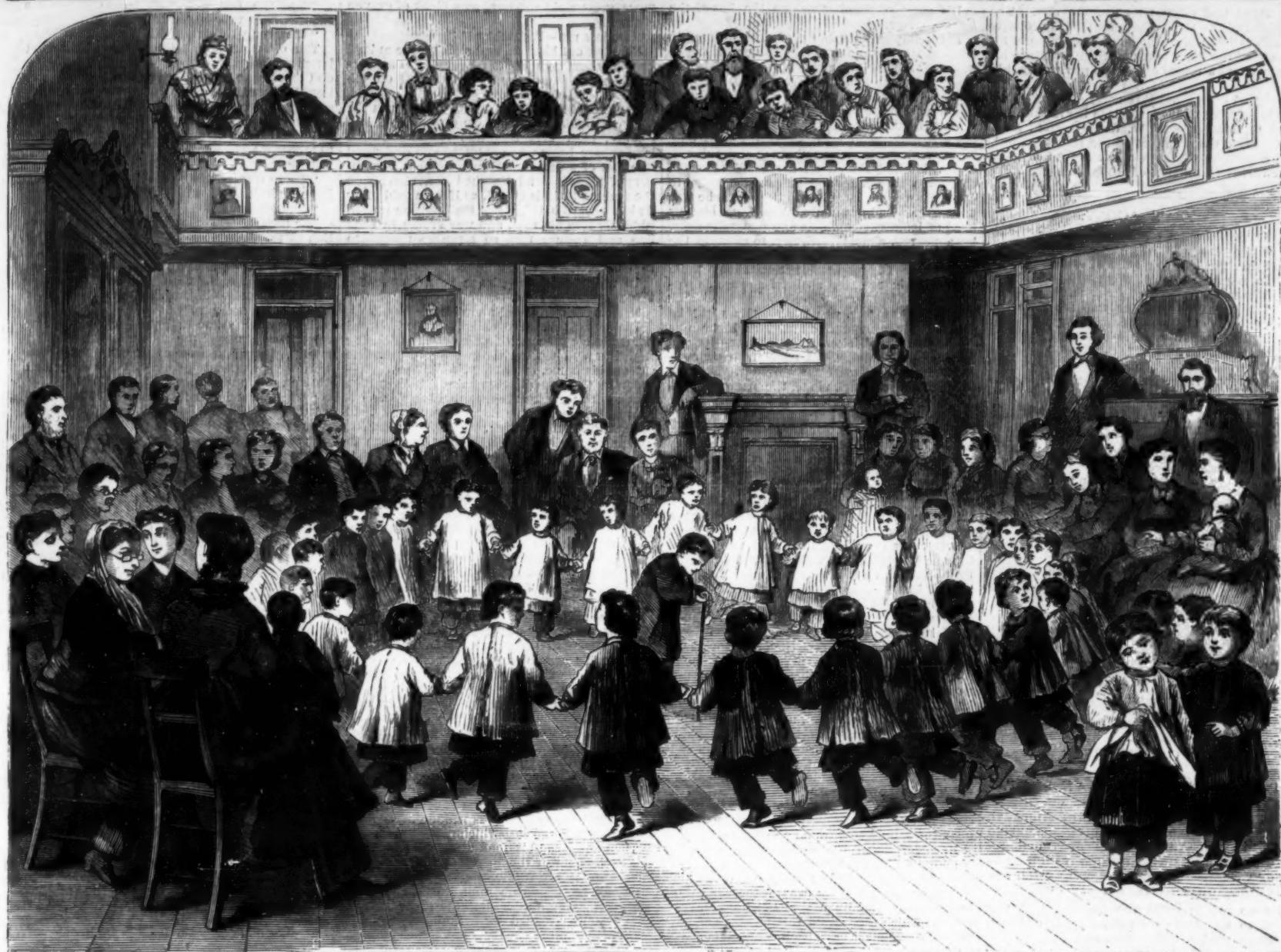
ticed the arts of a small politician, and whenever office was conferred upon him, it was in view of his acknowledged merit, and his personal and political integrity. In social life, he ornamented the society in which he moved, and made hosts of friends among all classes of his fellow-citizens. Few New Yorkers have departed hence whose loss is more generally felt, or whose memory will be more gratefully cherished.

PACIFIC HOTEL, CHICAGO.

We give in this issue a cut of the new hotel it is in contemplation to erect in Chicago—the work to commence early the present season. It is to be built by the Pacific Hotel Company—the bulk of the stock of one million dollars, however, having been taken by a few heavy



NEW YORK STATE.—ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS—THE FAMILY AT DINNER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.



NEW YORK STATE.—ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS.—“THE CHILDREN'S HOUR” IN THE “UPPER SITTING-ROOM.”—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.

capitalists. The site chosen consists of an entire block—a tract of one acre and a half, bounded by Clark, Jackson, Lasalle, and Quincy streets—giving the longest frontage on the north and south. The view chosen is the great hotel, as seen from the Great Michigan, Southern, and Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Passenger House—itself one of the most notable structures of its class in the country—on Van Buren street, and fronting northward down

Lasalle street, nearly eight hundred feet from the hotel. Our artist saves us much description as to the external appearance of the building. The opposite facade to that shown on Clark street is the exact counterpart of that on Lasalle street, save that it has full retail shop-fronts, adapting it to the business character of Clark street. The hotel has the following dimensions: front, on Clark street, 190 feet; on Jackson, 325 feet; on Lasalle street, 180

feet. A characteristic feature of the hotel is the adoption, for the first time in this country, of the internal glass-sheltered court, for the arrival and departure of guests. The archway on Jackson street shows this access and exit. From the carriage-court, where all the passengers and baggage are received, the former pass to the grand arcade, which occupies the second interior court of the building, upon which the three entrances on Lasalle, Jackson,

and Quincy streets directly open. All the business offices of the house are thus on the lower floor, and of dimension and finish that justify the promise of the noble exterior. The house has five hundred and fifty-three rooms, exclusive of the public apartments and offices. The rentals of the company are further essentially helped by eight superb stores and twenty-two elegant offices, each the best of their class, and suited to their respective localities, on the lead-



NEW YORK STATE.—ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS.—“O. C.” PRIMARY-SCHOOL CHILDREN AT THEIR STUDIES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.

ing retail and office street of the city. The material of the three store-fronts will probably be the yellow Ohio sandstone. A proposal for a lease of the hotel portion of the structure for ten years, at a rental of \$75,000 per annum, has been made. Chicago has been long favored with good hotels, but this enterprise promises, by the opening of 1872, to place her in the front rank in this respect. W. W. Boyington, Esq., of Chicago, the architect of the structure, has, in his portion of the work, achieved a most noteworthy monument of professional skill.

CUBA'S AGONY.

From the palm and mango groves,
Where the wild *perico* roves,
From the teeming vales that lie
In the sun, so smilingly;
Where the golden sugar-cane,
Tinged with purple, crowns the plain,
Comes a great and heartfelt cry,
Full of human agony—
“Viva Cuba! libre!”

From the rugged mountain-side,
Where the wild guerrillas hide,
Where the nuptial orange-tree,
Scents the air voluptuously;
While the sun, with kisses bold,
Turns its spheres of green to gold;
The defiant chorus swells,
Shouting from the rocks, and dells—
“Viva Cuba! libre!”

From the homes where Cuban wives,
Guard their virtue with their lives;
Where young mothers fight in vain,
For their babes by butchers slain;
From the streets where daily fall
Victims to th’ assassin’s ball,
Comes a cry that rends the air—
Comes a cry that is a prayer—
“Viva Cuba! libre!”

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART I.—THE RUSSIAN SERF.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WHO SHALL WIN—HOW TO KEEP A COWARD WITHIN CALL—SLEEPING AND WAKING—THE TORTURE OF THOUGHT—TWO TERRORS—A THREATENING FAREWELL—NOT A WORD—THE INSTRUMENT—it WILL NOT ANSWER—WHAT MATTERS IT—AT LAST.

By no means could the journey, that was about to terminate on the following evening, be considered a highly pleasant one, on the part of the two principal parties by whom it had been undertaken.

These were Ivan Dimitry and his son.

Not a single word had passed between them since they had left Berenzoff. Even the ordinary courtesy of strangers traveling on the same road, had not intervened from their lips. As they had mounted for their departure from the palace of the Boyard, Ivan had indeed uttered a menacing warning. But, although evidently intended for Paul's ear, it had been ostensibly addressed to the Countess Dolgorouki, upon each of whose cheeks he had pressed his lips, with an almost savage tenderness.

“For a time I bid you farewell! ewe-lamb of my heart”—he said. “Be assured that if this dog now turns tail, I will forget that you and I ever fancied blood of ours was in his veins. May St. Paul hear me, but I will hunt the coward down myself, and do justice upon him with my own hand.”

“Ivan!” replied his daughter—“in so doing you will do right.”

Saying this, her tone was grave and sad, while her hazel eye flamed with a fiercely pitiful glance upon the young man. The memories of the hours which, as children, they had passed together, were once more wrestling—although faintly—with her contempt.

Paul's face blackened and his beetling brows lowered, as he listened to the fierce speech of his father and the contemptuous accents of his sister.

“The longest liver wins”—he muttered.

But, after uttering the Tartar proverb, almost under his breath, he gave vent to a harsh and discordant laugh.

In truth, the son of the Boyard was almost at ease with regard to the result of the journey he was about to commence, in company with his father. Scarcely an hour since, the old man, in his presence, had been informed that the Starost of Yerkova had not been seen since the preceding day.

“Let him show himself speedily, or, when he does”—began Dimitry, angrily.

“Remember that Mallowitz is the uncle of Flodorowna—Ivan!” pleaded the Countess Catharine, with a caressing tone.

Her father frowned, but said no more.

Yet, when Paul heard this, the certainty lifted a great weight from his mind. He, at once, knew that Mallowitz had understood his furtive and rapid glance, and was, even then, seeking to obey him. What—if he had already done so? As he rightly conjectured, last night's storm must have overtaken them in the forest beyond Yerkova. What more easy than to have done it, there? Why! he could have chuckled audibly. It was strange that, coward as he was, he should not once have admitted to himself the chance of the Starost's failure.

They had paused to rest at the last village on the Boyard's estate, on the same night that Monsieur de Chateaupers had reached Potzeck.

The old man had taken such steps to secure himself from any attempt to escape, on the part of his son, as he might have done had he been on the road to St. Petersburg with a state-prisoner—save that Paul Dimitry was not placed in fetters.

His place of slumber was on the left of the *cabak*—alone.

Podatchky and another serf were ordered to keep watch, at the foot of the ladder leading to it. The Boyard wrapped himself in his fur cloak, and laid him down, inside the entrance of the principal room, and across it. Two lamps were burning.

What Dimitry's thoughts may have been during that night, who shall say? He slept only by fits and starts. Old as he was and still vigorous—he had ridden on a splendid Flemish charger, whose bone and size were adapted to carry his weight, largely and heavily as he was built—years had gradually taken from him his need of lengthy sleep. As age generally does, he appeared, almost restlessly, to cling to the facts and changes of his drowsy consciousness of existence. His physical nature shook them from him, in rest, for as brief a space as possible.

Certain, however, was it, that this night he thought seriously and angrily, as if he was chiding with his Maker, that this man—his son by blood undoubtedly, but none the less a coward and a knave—was clearly his heir. Through this ignoble channel, alone, the name of Dimitry might be transmitted to the future.

Possibly, he may have thought also of an earlier period in his own life. When this son, whom he felt he hated as kindred blood only can hate kindred, was a child, and Catharine Dimitry only in swaddling-clothes—when he was only the next of kin to his brother, who was then Boyard. As he thought of this—it was not often—it caused his rough heart a fierce trouble. He had loved that brother well—better than he loved his own wife, better than he had loved any male. Why did not that Paul—a Paul as brave as a lion—leave a son behind him? Yet, who knows? Had it been so—what might have changed?

Ivan Dimitry was, nevertheless, not a man of much reflection.

It was now, for the first time in many years, perhaps ever, that the pertinacious thought rose persistently upon his hard brain, and would not be denied admittance. His strong heart throbbed with a terribly earnest precision—his long hands clinched, until the thick, hard nails of his fingers almost pierced the palm, while these ideas in turn stung his soul, as if they were the steel-like thongs of the terrible whip with which condemned criminals are flayed, in his own country.

Then, with a spasm of weariness, he would sink to sleep, to wake, and again be forced upon the same bitter train of mental torture.

However, he at last shut down the gates of his mind with an angered will.

Why should he think? Was not that which was to be—sure? What use was there in counting and reasoning upon that which was not, or on that which is? Could this be changed as it is now, or might it have been changed then?

Little wonder was there, that when he finally shook from him his fitful slumber, and at last arose—it was scarcely three o'clock, yet the violet gray of the early clouds and the greenish blue of the twilight sky, already promised the advent of the coming dawn—that his white brows had settled down over an ominously terrible expression of concentrated and smouldering rage. When Paul Dimitry was summoned by Podatchky, he felt a withering dread rising upon him. Much as he had always feared his father, an abject fear now smote upon his senses. If his previous terror had been removed, was there not a greater one before him, in the presence of his father, Ivan?

Their meal was eaten in mute wrath and fear. After it was ended, they again mounted.

Had the postillion dared he would have fled. If he had dared! Did he not know that if he turned his horse's head, the Boyard—Ivan Dimitry—his father, would have slain him as he would the carrion bird, or the craven wolf?

And so, they rode on.

They had eaten together in the middle of the day—as divided in spirit, as if one had been a wild old Hun, and the other a shaven and soap-cleansed Roman of the latter Empire, which possessed alike the ancient Latin lust of blood and the thin Latin womanliness of spirit.

After this, they resumed their road.

It was four o'clock. The afternoon sun made the coats of their steeds glisten. Paul's face was white and damp with sweat. That of Ivan was dry and stern. They had arrived within a mile of their stopping-place. Here, the Boyard reined in the powerful animal on which he was riding. His son did the same.

Turning toward the latter, the old man spoke to him. It was but one word, but its tone made Paul Dimitry leap in his saddle.

“Listen!”

“I do—Boyard!”

“I go as your witness, in the chance Monsieur de Chateaupers has given you to redeem yourself. As you may do, so shall I act. Remain here, until I return.”

The voice in which this was spoken was hard and metallic. Each word rang out sharply, as the stroke of a smith's hammer upon the anvil in his forge. He, then, turned to the serfs who had accompanied them thus far.

“Here!” he cried.

They advanced toward him and Paul.

With a grandly imperative gesture, he addressed them.

“So long as Paul Dimitry remains here, his life is mine. Should he attempt to quit the spot on which his horse stands, his life is yours and God's! Do you understand me?”

“Yes!”

Again, he turned to his son. For one moment his face softened, and the white mustache that covered his mouth seemed, in each hair, instinct with tremulous life.

“My son—my son, Paul!” he cried, extending his hand to him.

The eyes of the young Russian were upon the ground by his horse's feet. He neither lifted his hand, nor spoke one word.

For a moment, the old man tarried, as if expecting a reply. His countenance then, once

more, grew rigid and hard as a block of graven steel.

“Follow me—Podatchky!”

Shaking out his rein, and striking the animal he rode savagely with the heavy whip he carried, he galloped off in the direction of the village, followed by the boy.

Then, Paul Dimitry raised his eyes from the spot on which they had been fixed. Dark and sombre, their very fear was malignant. His low, square brow was contorted and disfigured like that of a demon. For a moment, the fingers of his left hand clutched convulsively on the scabbard of his sword, as if he would press its hilt toward his right. A mad passion rushed suddenly into his face, and was visible in each line and feature that so strongly resembled those of his father, while the hot blood sprang to his cheek.

Turning round, his glance rested upon the three remaining serfs.

Their eyes were fixed upon his.

He again fell. The color that had flamed upon his countenance faded out of it, leaving it whiter and more ghastly than before. He sat on his horse, motionless, while the serfs—erect in their saddles—remained like graven stone, with their keen eyes watching him.

In the meantime, the Boyard's rapid pace had brought him into Potzeck.

Reining up his steed before the tavern in which the party remained that were to await him there, he gazed at the horses that were tethered to its side, and at the *droschky* of the countess. Alexowitch was standing near the front of the wooden dwelling, which, as Sapichy had confidentially declared on that morning to Henri de Chateaupers, so inadequately supplemented Berenzoff. Rushing forward, he knelt and extended his right hand for the old man to rest his foot in, as he dismounted.

With a violent kick, the hand of Wollnaki's serf was dashed back.

“Out of the way—ass!”

As Alexowitch sprung to his feet, and stood rubbing his arm, with an expression of complete disgust written upon his face, the Boyard leaped to the ground—more heavily, perhaps, yet certainly as actively as a younger man might have done. Thrusting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a handful of roubles, which he tossed toward that individual, saying—

“This is to pay you for your fright, when I sent you from Berenzoff to look for your master—and, this for your folly in fancying Ivan Dimitry is an old woman or a dancing-girl.”

Saying this, he lifted his whip, and administered a lash to the serf which made him howl.

Then he placed his foot upon the stair leading to the door of the *cabak*, and strode up it. Alexowitch, meanwhile, forgetting his pain, flung himself again upon his knees, and commenced picking up the scattered silver.

The stairs groaned under the heavy tread of the aged man.

One of Sapichy's Cossacks had been stationed beyond the village for some three hours, in order to give due warning of the approach of the father of Paul. Ample time had been given him to do so, by the delay which had been made through the temporary halt of the party without Potzeck. When old Dimitry entered the lower apartment in the *cabak*, they were consequently waiting for him. Sapichy Dolgorouki was standing, on the right, beside a species of curtain of goat-skins, which had been temporarily fastened across the corner of the room, before the ladder which led to the loft above it. His face was graver and sterner than it had elsewhere appeared. But for the habitual curl of his lip, its usual mockery might seem to have been quenched. Flodorowna stood near the stove, with Anna Vasilivitch gathered against her bosom, by her uninjured arm.

Ivan Dimitry's face darkened, when he saw the blue-eyed girl.

She, pushing the child from her, bent her head and made an action, as if of lifting his hand to place it upon her brow, without, however, advancing toward him, to enable her actually to do so.

Without appearing to notice her, he turned to the only other person in the room, excepting the Moujik, Ivan.

This was Henri de Chateaupers.

Graver and colder, even, than Sapichy, he was seated upon a rude stool in front of the stove.

The Boyard was no longer in the costume in which the young Frenchman had before seen him. He was now in the dress of a gentleman of the period, save that his rough white hair was unpowdered, and the razor had not touched the bristling snow of his beard. His appearance was that of a giant of the old Scandinavian mythology, arrayed in the coat and breeches of the day. Such, at least, was the idea which, for a moment, removed the Parisians mind from the business before it.

“I am here—son of Eugene de Chateaupers—as I said I would be.”

“Boyard Dimitry”—as the French count spoke, he rose—“it would be needless for me to say that I was certain you would not fall me.”

“You simply do me justice.”

“I have known you recently—as my dead father did before me—to well to doubt, even for an instant, that you would keep your word.”

“I thank you.”

“Why? You—Boyard, are a brave man.”

“My son is waiting.”

The sharpness with which this affirmation proceeded from the lips of old Dimitry, showed that he did not altogether relish the cold statesmanship of the complimentary speech of his late guest. Still less, did he enjoy the cutting contempt of his next question, thoroughly, as he might be convinced that his son deserved it:

“Is he?”

The two words expressed the most perfect scorn imaginable.

“At a short distance—only.”

“I am pleased to hear it.”

Again—that fiercely bitter contempt.

“All that remains to do, will be for me to

arrange the few necessary preliminaries we require, with your witness.”

“I, scarcely think so.”

The old man was boiling over with mixed humiliation and wrath. Yet, he felt that Henri de Chateaupers, in according his son satisfaction, had conferred so great a favor upon himself, that he could not possibly display any resentment at his present manner. He had, up to this moment, no provision of that which was to follow. With a quick and angered abruptness, he turned upon his son-in-law.

“These may speedily be settled on—Sapichy Dolgorouki.”

“Immediately.”

The tone of the courtier, owning a connection by marriage with the Boyard—was cutting and incisive as the blade of a lancet.

“Place and weapons, then. For time—of course, the present.”

“You mistake—Boyard.”

“In what manner?”

Sapichy seemed to hesitate—not as if he was reluctant to wound the father of his wife, but more as though he were anxious to make each word he spoke, cut deeper. Still the old man did not, or would not, comprehend him.

“The Count de Chateaupers had changed his mind.”

At last, Dimitry began to realize it.

“What do you dare say to me?”

Frightful was the suppressed rage of the Boyard's cry. Anna Vasilivitch sank upon the floor, concealing her terrified face in the skirt of Flodorowna's woolen dress. As for the serf herself, she grew paler as she heard it.

fingers, as if he would restore their checked circulation. After this, he shook himself. While being unbound, his eyes had been bent upon the floor. Again, they raised themselves to his master's countenance.

"Now—answer."

Mallowitz gazed at him, cunningly.

"What is there to come after?"

"Need I punish the hand when I know the head?"

The low brow of the serf brightened.

"The master promises?"

"I do."

"What does he ask?"

"Who sent you from Yerkowa?"

"The young master—Paul Dimitry."

Although Mallowitz had not spoken before, so certain were De Chateaupers and Dolgorouki of this fact, that when they heard it owned by the serf, they did not even interchange a glance. The blue eyes of Flodorowna flashed as she listened. Afterward, they turned to the face of the Frenchman with a marvelling look. She was too fresh and true to comprehend the quiet intensity of his scorn.

The Boyard again spoke.

"Be sure you are speaking no lie!"

"I am not—master."

"Yet—Mallowitz, think again. Since that night, he has not left my sight or knowledge."

"I was present as well as he. His eyes spoke."

"Then—"

As the old man paused, his face terminated the question he had been about to frame.

"It had all been settled many days before—the day that the young mistress striped his face with her whip. That night, he gave me his orders."

Without a word, the Boyard strode to the door of the room.

"Where is Podatchky?"

His attendant had been standing below the gallery that ran around the *kabak*.

"I am here."

"Ride back to Paul Dimitry. Bring him to me."

The next moment they heard the sound of the hoofs of the lad's horse, as it trotted rapidly down the single street of the village.

When Ivan Dimitry returned into the apartment, he did not utter a single word. But the terrible struggle by which he had suppressed his emotions of humiliated horror, during the preceding scene, was written legibly upon his face. Nevertheless, strange to say, under their influence, he seemed almost to have regained his last fifteen years. He looked younger, and his tread was lighter than the French nobleman had ever before seen it. Sapichy Dolgorouki gazed scrutinizingly at his dark countenance, without addressing him any question. The coarser nature of the Starost, however, induced him to speak.

"Will you kill him—master?"

With a grandly fearful look, Ivan Dimitry turned upon him.

"What matters that to thee?"

The thunder of these words, the fiercely terrible gesture, the savage glance—but, for the white beard and hair, and the wrinkled brow—might have seemed to have identified that lordly figure with the incarnation of the Archangel of Evil. So, at least, the young Frenchman thought. Had a similar idea occurred to his son-in-law, the singularly practical mind of the Russian gentleman would have shapen it in a much terser and simpler fashion.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE DREADED SUMMONS—EQUAL TERROR WITH GAIN OR LOSS—STANDING WITHOUT THE DOOR—THE FATHER'S GREETING—RECOGNITION—THE TOOL AND THE INTENDED VICTIM—A CRY FOR PARDON—THE BROTHER-IN-LAW—A FATHER'S OATH.

SINCE Paul Dimitry had been waiting at the spot in which he had been left by the Boyard, he had scarcely moved. His dread of the consequences of his own craven plotting had gradually grown upon and completely mastered his shrinking soul.

It was strange that he did not, for a moment, doubt but that Mallowitz had accomplished his purpose.

Yet, if he had done so—even supposing that he had escaped—would not the old man necessarily suspect himself? Supposing that the serf had been seized, what more likely than that, to save his own hide, or haply his neck, he should have betrayed his prompter? How was it that he had not thought of this? But the Starost had a good share of Tartar stubbornness. That mule-like temper might have locked up Paul's complicity with him—or, perchance—then he smiled. It was a ghastly grin that curled his now pale lips.

If the serf had been slain, all was safe.

What would his death count to him? It would be simply a tool that had cracked in doing its work.

Nevertheless, supposing this, his mind was not easy.

Scarcely two hours since he had been thinking that, by this time, the death of the French popinjay—he would not call it murder, although he knew that it would be so—would have left Flodorowna still within his reach. She might possibly be placed with his sister. But, what if she was? If he could not touch her to-day he might grasp her to-morrow. Now—he did not even think of her. His reckoning was only with himself and the chances of his father's anger. What would the old man say? Pshaw! it was not that of which he was reckoning.

What would the old man do?

When Podatchky at length summoned him—how inexpressibly long appeared the interval since Ivan Dimitry had left, yet how much too short also—and he began to draw nearer Potzack, he knew that the three serfs accompanied him, although he did not look at them. He heard the steady trot of their Tartar ponies, one was on each side, and one behind him.

Why could he not strike at them with his

sword—it was bright and keen—and ride for his life?

In his own heart he cursed his cowardice, for he knew what it was that kept him from doing so.

He would fain have questioned Podatchky as to what had passed. However, when he attempted to speak to the boy, he could not do so. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Moreover, he saw that the face of the lad was stubbornly resolute in its sullen expression. It may have been doubtful whether he would have answered him.

Then, they arrived in front of the tavern.

He would have ridden on, had he possessed simply pluck enough to obey his fear. The nearest terror was, at the moment, the greatest. Dismounting first, Podatchky held his stirrups for him. Paul would have fallen but for the young lad's shoulder, upon which he laid his hand as he alighted. With considerable difficulty he managed to articulate—

"Where does the Boyard wait for me?"

Without a word, the boy extended his arm, and pointed to the door of the *kabak*, which opened upon the gallery.

What necessity had there been for his making this inquiry?

Did not he see the signs of Sapichy Dolgorouki's presence there? Could he not recognize the largely-limbed and heavily-boned steed of the Boyard? Was not that the carriage of his sister? Nay! did he not recognize the arched neck and head of Starbeam, tethered near it?

Pale and speechless, he began to mount the stairs.

Before the door of the apartment, in which that silent party had been waiting for his approach, he stood for a time, swaying forward and backward with his dread. His sight seemed to have failed him. Within the chamber, all appeared blackness. In its opaque shadow, his eyes could neither trace line nor form. He had been surely standing an age, there, waiting for sign or sound of recognition.

"Come in—my son, Paul!"

It was merely some fifty seconds that he had been without the room.

When he heard his father's words his sinking heart seeped struggling into his very throat. Surely they had been spoken in kindness. And, truth to tell, it might have been believed that they had been so. Even, Henriëtte Chateaupers, turned and looked at the Boyard.

His face was now even paler than his son's had been. But that pallor was the white heat of anger, and not the blanched lividness of fear.

Paul Dimitry, however, did not see the old man's face. His terror had only heard his accents. Sight and sense appeared, at once, to return to him, as he advanced into the chamber.

"I have come—my father—"

Then he stopped suddenly.

His eyes had fastened themselves upon the cunningly unmeaning and stolid countenance of Mallowitz. He stopped short, and a clammy perspiration broke out in large beads upon his brow, cheeks and neck.

"It seems to me—my son! that you only recognize your friends. A brave man would have first faced his enemy."

The young man turned, like a block of hewn stone which moves in obedience to a spring, toward the spot to which the outstretched finger of his father was pointing. It needed no long pause for him to recognize Monsieur De Chateaupers. With a sharp outcry and outstretched arms, he sank at the feet of the Boyard.

"Pardon—pardon—pardon!"

Then the contemptuous wrath of the old man found tongue and utterance.

Striding forward, he spat deliberately, full in the face of the son who had dishonored him.

"Foul coward that thou art—thus I shew thee how I loathe, hate and despise the filth that names itself my son."

"Pardon!"

"St. Paul again forgive me for having given to thee his name. Often enough have I before implored his pardon, for having so blasphemed him. But, as the great God liveth, I have uttered that prayer for the last time. Thou shalt no more disgrace me, and shame alike the saint and thy Maker."

"Pardon—pardon!"

"Take thy last look on earth and on life—" exclaimed Ivan Dimitry, with a madly-yelling rage, as with a fierce clutch upon his shoulder, he raised him to his feet, as if he were so much nerveless and boneless clay. Then he dragged him to the doorway of the *kabak*. "I have determined to rid myself, forever, of such a son."

The lips of the coward could scarcely shape the word, yet still managed to utter—

"Pardon!"

All this had passed so rapidly that, for the first few instants, the Frenchman had scarcely realized to himself the frightful drama which was taking place before him. He did so at last, but had barely time to spring forward and grasp the right arm of the Boyard. Its clinched fingers were already drawing his sword from the sheath.

Sapichy Dolgorouki's lips were pressed together, with such force, that his mouth was barely visible as a dark blue line. His right hand grasped the collar of his coat so tightly, one might have imagined it had been fastened there as a vice is screwed to the metal it holds. Yet, he did not stir.

With the rage of a devil and the strength of a Titan, the old man tore himself loose from the hands of De Chateaupers, and dashed him back.

"Have I no right over my own flesh?" he cried.

Momentarily released from his grip, fainting and shrinking, Paul Dimitry staggered forward and sunk against the railing of the wooden gallery.

His father's sword was already drawn and lifted, when he felt his knees closely locked in the tightening embrace of Flodorowna. In

spite of her wound, both of her arms were flung around them.

"You shall trample my life out before you touch him—my master!"

"Have a care—girl!" he roared, savagely.

"Listen to me—Boyard! Let me pray for your own child. Make not yourself worse than the brother-slayer—Cain. Pause, ere you dip your hand in the blood of the fruit of your loins."

The French nobleman had again approached Ivan Dimitry, to save the kneeling and clinging girl from the burst of wild wrath, which he fully anticipated must have answered her passionate outcry and the appealing warning she addressed to him.

His expectation was, however, strangely at fault.

As the Boyard listened to the bold outcry of the girl, his eyes gradually settled down upon the energetically wistful beauty of that upturned face. Perhaps, it may have been that strange resemblance to his "ewe-lamb," Catharine—to which her husband had already called the attention of the young Parisian—which stirred and shook the tenderer portion of his turbulent and stormy soul. It is certain that his raised hand gradually sunk, until the point of his sword rested upon the rugged flooring, while his dark and grandly evil countenance became more human.

"I hear you—child!" he said, grimly. "But, you know not what you do." Could it be possible, that his three score years and more than ten stood so far within the shadow of the grave as to have a prevision of the future? Otherwise—what might his words mean? After a brief pause, he turned again upon Paul Dimitry. "Go!"—he said, in a sharp and fierce tone. "This child's pity for thy vile passion has saved me from staining the clean steel with thy wretched blood. Go! but leave Russia. For, as surely as I find thee here when she is not, God and St. Paul be my witnesses, that I will kill thee. Money shalt thou have—sufficient for thee to live with, from year to year. Shouldst thou die before my time comes, thy patron saint will have listened to my prayer. If not, thou wilt disgrace my name when standing in my shoes. Go!—go! before, with my clinched hand, I smite thee upon that cheek which never yet reddened with one brave and honest thought—yea! that cheek the whip of Catharine has already scored."

Shrinking under the old man's savage scorn, humbly and miserably, as a scourged animal, Paul Dimitry slunk down the staircase. He did not even look back. Quivering, as one suffering from mortal terror, he mounted his horse.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

M. LIMMORD has shown, from a study of the sculptures, that in Egypt, during the time of the Shepherd-Kings, three distinct species of gazelle were domesticated.

A POLYGLOT dictionary in eleven languages is in course of publication by Signor Calligaris, at Turin. It comprises French, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, English, modern Greek, written Arabic, spoken Arabic (in Roman letters), and Turkish, with the pronunciation.

M. LIEBREICH has made a series of experiments with chloral on animals. He gave a dose of it to a rabbit, and the animal died. To another he gave strichnine nitrate, and it died too; to a third he gave the same dose of both substances which had before caused death, and found that the poisons neutralized one another, and the rabbit survived.

PROFESSOR HAUGHTON, of Dublin, has calculated that the total daily work of the human heart (the ventricles only) is 124,208 foot tons. It does 50,576 foot pounds of work per minute for every ounce of its weight. Supposing the heart were to expand its entire force in lifting its own weight vertically, it would raise itself 19,764 feet in one hour.

YALE COLLEGE, which was formerly devoted to the older studies, has recently made progress in science, and is now in the first rank as regards scientific professors; but the endowments are not so great as the merits of the teachers, and exertions are being made to obtain more funds. The present income of the science department is 25,000 dollars, and at least as much more is required.

PEOPLE of feeble stomachic powers may be interested in knowing that to be digested, boiled tendon takes five hours and a half, roast pork takes four hours and a quarter, and "soused pig's feet" or tripe, may be chumified within the hour. Rice will not plague the inner man for more than an hour, nor "raw apples, sweet and mellow," more than an hour and a half; whereas potatoes "roasted" require two hours and a half, and "boiled" a whole hour more, exactly thirty-three minutes being allotted to the same vegetable when baked.

FOLLOWING MAMMA.—Young ducks often anthonish their hen mammas (that is to say young ducks hatched by hens), when they "take to water," or the first sign thereof. But this development of natural instincts is often modified by motherly influence. We know of a pup spaniel of King Charles's breed, nursed by a cat, who is as afraid of rain as his foster-mother. He licks his feet two or three times a day for the purpose of washing his face, which operation he performs in the true catlike position, sitting up on his tail; he will wash a mousehole for hours, etc.

CONSIDERABLE advance has been made of recent years in France in introducing hardy foreign trees and shrubs suitable to the climate; and with a fair amount of success, many natives of warmer climates being found to stand the winters in the southern departments. The *Eucalyptus globulus* has given the best results in the department of the Var, where it has resisted the malign influences of the north-west wind. It is described as growing with ten times the rapidity of the oak, and being remarkably well-adapted for the re-clothing of denuded mountains. The bamboos introduced at Tours, Macon, and Angers, have prospered marvelously, and have survived not only the last winter, but the much more severe cold of the previous season. Several species of bamboo flourish even in the climate of Paris in the open air, where they may be seen in the gardens of the Acclimation Society in the Bois de Boulogne, and in several private gardens.

BUSINESS with Yokohama and other Japanese ports is becoming quite active over the Pacific Railroad. A consignment of one thousand packages of tea for a firm in Chicago, and eleven thousand for a firm in New York, reached Chicago recently in thirty days from Yokohama.

A BLACKSMITH, residing in Williamstown, Oswego county, while laboring under *diphtheria* a few days ago, rubbed live coals on his face, laid red-hot iron bars across it, and finally fell into the blazing forge. He was rescued, but his face and the upper part of his body were burned almost to a crisp, and there is scarcely a chance of his recovery.

A SPECIAL dispatch from Halifax to the *Toronto Telegraph* says: "The City of Brussels played a clever trick on the people of Halifax while on her recent passage from England to New York. She steamed into this harbor ostensibly for a supply of coal, but really to avoid quarantine in New York by landing passengers affected with small-pox."

NEWS BREVITIES.

FIFTY-ONE of the 711 students at Heidelberg are Americans.

THEY sink a steamboat in the Arkansas River about once a month.

GILMOR is said to have in mind a musical project to eclipse the jubilee.

"THE College Church" will be the official title of Amherst's new chapel.

There are \$60,000,000 unclaimed deposits in the savings banks of this State.

SOUVENIRS
OF CLASSES '70, U. S.
MILITARY AND
NAVAL ACADEMIES.

HOWEVER pleasant and free from care life may be, those who have been able to pursue a collegiate education, will always regard the days and years spent in the "old institution" as chief among the happiest in their lives. The tendency to gather souvenirs of college chums, and little remembrances of class companions, is as natural to a graduate as his humor and fondness for playing practical jokes. At all our colleges and seminaries, the practice of presenting to certain scholars articles subscribed for by a full class, and intended to keep in lively action the memories and associations of the academic career, is in happy prevalence. Though the gifts often take fanciful shapes, the spirit of the occasions is a good and friendly one, and the graduate who receives the wooden spoon, the tin horn, the pewter turnip-watch, or the woolen presentiment of a being that would scarcely be recognized as human, prizes as highly the gift as the one whose mementoes come bound in rich and burnished gold.

This spirit has insinuated itself among the young gentlemen who are preparing to wear the general's stars and the admiral's anchors, in the service of the nation, and has this year taken a form, which, for beauty, costliness, and novelty of object, commends itself to us as the most elaborate class-testimonial we have ever seen. The class of 1870, of the United States Military Academy at West Point, some time ago, subscribed about \$300

for a silver souvenir, which was designated by the facetious title of "Baby Cup." This has just been completed by Ball, Black & Co., of New York, who have made it a model of clever

figures are very carefully executed, and we will hint, incidentally, that they are modeled from life.

The "Baby Cup" is to be presented to that member of the class of 1870 who first becomes the father of a boy; awaiting which event, it will remain in possession of Ball, Black & Co., at their establishment.

In addition to this elaborate testimonial, the classes of 1870, at both the Military and Naval Academies, have ordered heavy gold finger-rings for each member, which are covered with appropriate emblems, and have engraved on valuable stones—set as signets—mottos, emblems and monograms. These rings, likewise, have been manufactured by Ball, Black & Co., and cost \$40 apiece.

The souvenirs are of such a liberal character, that, besides the commendable object for which they are given, they possess an intrinsic value that will add greatly to their interest.

GENERAL MANUEL QUESADA.

GENERAL QUESADA, until a few weeks since, Commander-in-Chief of the Cuban Army of Liberation (at present in this city on special business for the struggling republic), was born at Camaguey, March 29, 1833. He is a scion of one of the principal families of Cuba. At the age of nineteen, he passed over to Mexico, and on the invasion of that republic by the French, in the interest of Maximilian and the empire, he entered on an active military life. He had joined the Mexican army in 1856, but his merits as a general and fighter were not known until the battle of Partido Beacionario, when, against heavy odds, he won a brilliant victory over the so-called "Imperial" troops. He was commissioned colonel at Capulalpan; and soon after raised to the rank of general. At Palo Gacho, he had his first engagement with the French soldiery, and beat them, with great loss. Shortly after the battle of Crux Blanca, he received medals of honor for his gallant conduct on the Fifth of May,

and at Pachucha. During the Mexican war, as chief of column, he defeated the French in many engagements. Among his most brilliant fields may be mentioned those of Flortin, Tepejoo del Rio, Arroyo-Sarco, Capulalpan, San Martino, and Fesmelucan. He was subsequently appointed Governor of the States of Tlascala, Coahuila and Durango. On the death of Maximilian, and the restoration of Juarez as the head of the Mexican Republic, Quesada came to New York, where he enthusiastically devoted himself to the cause of Cuban independence. Two months anterior to the organization of the Junta in this city, he proceeded to Camaguey, with his friend Pablo Perez, where he at once commenced the organization of the revolution. He, shortly afterward, sailed for Nassau, N. P., where he directed the insurrection of Yara. On the 23d of December, 1868, he again embarked for Cuba, with members of the Sociedad Habanero, taking with him one thousand stand of arms, and other materiel of war. During the whole of 1869, he remained in Cuba, at the head of the Revolutionary Army, or as the active military superintendent of the departments. Recently, President Cespedes, aware of the great diplomatic qualities of Quesada, requested him to proceed to the United States, and subsequently visit the nations of Europe, and explain the position Cuba holds toward Spain, soliciting, if not active assistance, recognition as a belligerent.

fog-signals. The horns are carried on many steamers of the Sound, and are invaluable for signaling rocks and dangerous localities.

THE LATE EDWARD THOMSON,
DD., LL.D., M.D., D.C.L.

FOLLOWING close upon the decease of the Rev. Dr. McClintock, of the Drew Theological



SOUVENIR RING OF CLASS '70, UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

Seminary, comes intelligence of the sudden death of Dr. Edward Thomson—a massively intellectual column in the Christian church, and one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His death occurred on the morning of the 22nd ult., at Wheeling, W. Va., while



THE "BABY CUP," SOUVENIR OF CLASS '70,
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.

design, excellent workmanship, and beautiful finish.

The cup is nineteen inches in height, and is made of silver; the bowl and cap being lined with gold. On the pedestal are four muskets, crossed, and bound together with a wreath of laurel, the barrels supporting a ring, in which the cap sets. On each side, and near the cap, are projecting pedestals, on which stand two cadets, fully accoutred. The cap is surmounted by a figure of the graduate—a second lieutenant—in an easy and graceful attitude. The



General Quesada is a man of middle stature, and possesses a fine military bearing. His age is about thirty-seven, and his features show evident traces of recent exposure. His head is remarkably well shaped, and indicates a large amount of personal courage, combined with a strong will and perseverance.

The general was warmly received, on his arrival in New York, in March, by not only native Cubans, but by all classes of citizens. He has, in no instance, received other than the warmest hospitality, his great claims as a soldier and patriot being everywhere recognized.

FOG-HORN
ON HART'S ISLAND.

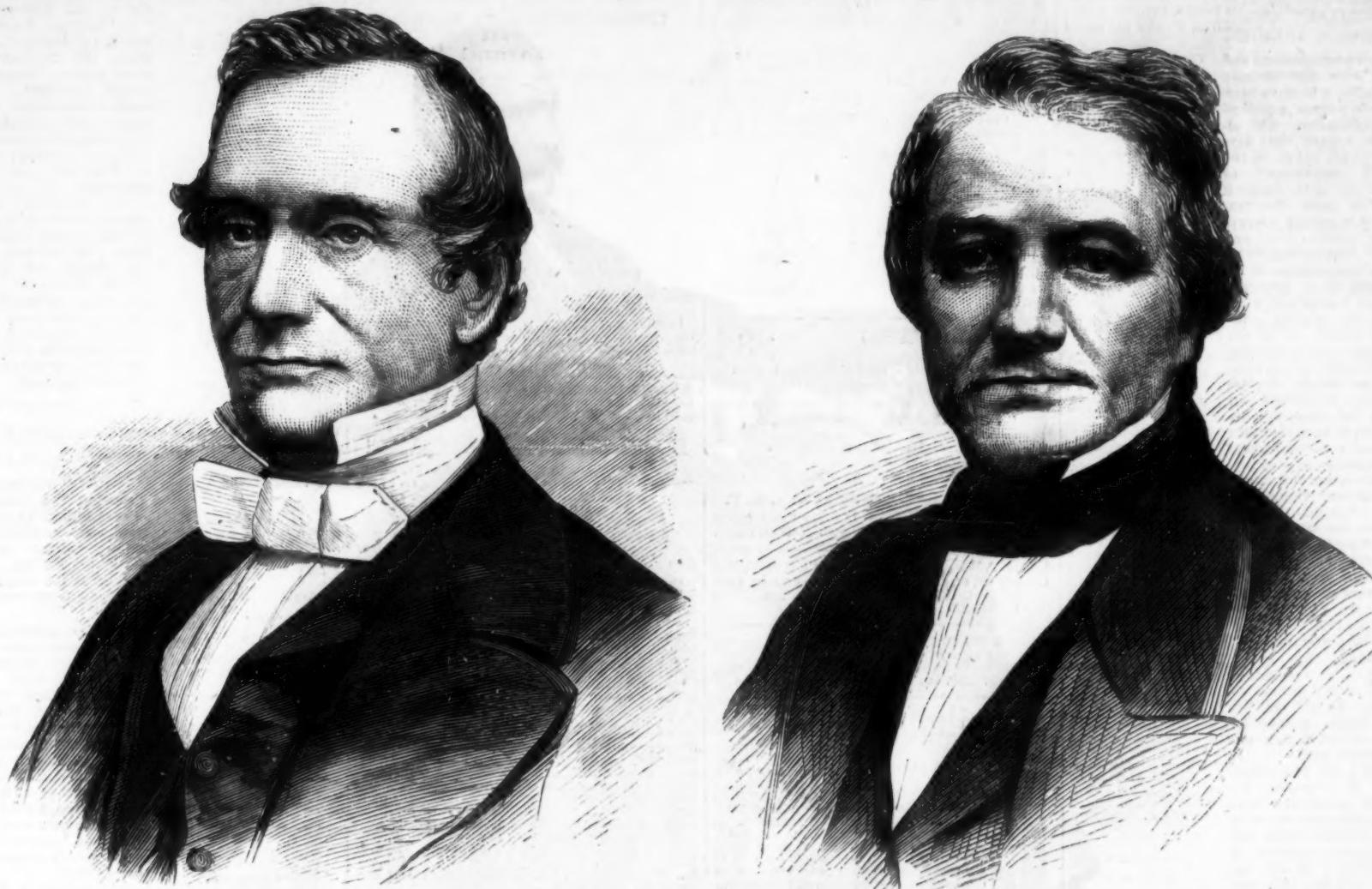
In view of the dangers attending the passage of vessels through Hell-Gate, various expedients have, at different times, been adopted for protection to the shipping during foggy and stormy weather.

Of these apparatuses, the fog-horn seems to be the most practical. It is easy to work, requiring but one man, and the sound it emits is sufficient to warn vessels at a distance of several miles. It consists of a long tin tube, made after the fashion of a telescope, having a horn inserted in one end, to which is attached a small rod. It works on the principle of a syringe; the tube is filled with air, and, by pressure, it passes through the horn, giving a deep, sonorous sound.

The fog-horn belongs to the State of New York, and is located on Hart's Island, under the supervision of Mr. Abbott, who is an adept in the management of



NEW YORK STATE.—THE FOG HORN AT HART'S ISLAND, LONG ISLAND SOUND.



THE LATE BISHOP THOMSON OF THE M. E. CHURCH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

on his way to preside over the session of the Newark (N.J.) Conference.

Dr. Thomson was born at Portsmouth, a suburb of Portsmouth, England, in October, 1810. His parents belonged to the wealthier middle class, and he was said to have been a lineal descendant of James Thomson, the poet. The circumstances of the family secured him the advantages of early education; but in 1819, when Edward was in his ninth year, his father emigrated to America, and two or three years later, settled at Wooster, Wayne County, O. Notwithstanding the scarcity of good schools in so new a country, the boy Edward was well trained in the elements of the sciences and the classics, and ranked as a good Latinist. A scientific taste led him first to the medical profession. He received a diploma of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, in 1829. The young doctor returned to Ohio, and opened the practice of his profession at Wooster. At this time he was a skeptic in religion, with an entire disbelief in the Bible and Christianity. With several other able and skeptical young men, he formed an Infidel Club, to meet weekly, and to seriously read and refute the Bible. The experiment resulted in Thomson's conviction of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and this conviction, strengthened by a powerful sermon, and by the instantaneous death, by accident, of a friend, resulted in his embracing the faith which he had rejected. He entered the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1833, at the age of twenty-three, began work as a minister in what was then the Ohio Conference.

The success of Thompson as a pulpit orator in Detroit, where he was located in 1836, forms one of the most complete and thrilling records of the church. The family of Governor Cass, and many of the cultured and élite of the city, thronged his ministry. At the end of his first year in Detroit, he was called to the principality of Norwalk (Ohio) Seminary, which position he occupied for eight years. By the General Conference of 1844 he was elected editor of *The Ladies' Repository* at Cin-

cinnati. In 1845, he was elected first president of the newly founded Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware Ohio—the first Methodist College in the State. He remained fifteen years, bringing the institution to the leading position it now holds in the education of the West. His success in the presidency of that college is in many respects without a parallel in the history of the Methodist Church. In 1860, the General

Conference called him to the then stormy post of the editorship of *The Christian Advocate*, in New York, where he succeeded Dr. Abel Stevens, the accomplished historian of the Church. The General Conference of 1864 elected Dr. Thomson to the Episcopacy, with Drs. Clark and Kingsley. He had been a member of every General Conference since 1840, and received the doctorate of divinity from Augusta College,

Ky., in 1844, and that of laws from the Wesleyan University, Conn., in 1855. No man ever elected to the Methodist Episcopacy brought to his place so high a reputation either for learning or eloquence. His first work in his high office was a voyage around the world—the first ever made by a Christian bishop. He visited the Methodist missions in Germany, Bulgaria, India, and China. The India Mission he organized into an annual conference. On his return, he passed in review the work of the Church in California, Oregon, and the new territories. Since that time he had been actively engaged in his portion of the home work, and writing a series of essays, which, for vigor and pointedness, are marvels of intellectual labor.

HON. JOSEPH P. BRADLEY, LL.D., ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT, U.S.

THE HON. Joseph P. Bradley, of Newark, N.J., who was confirmed as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, March 21st, is a gentleman of great legal acumen and extensive practice. He was born March 14, 1813, at Berne, Albany County, N.Y., and was brought up on his father's farm, on the Helderberg Hills, in sight of the Catskills, enjoying very limited means of education. At an early age he displayed a fondness for reading, and mathematical and logical studies, and at seventeen commenced teaching school. He entered Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N.J., in September, 1833, and graduated three years later. He immediately adopted law as the profession of his life; was admitted to the bar in 1839, and has since worked himself to the highest legal rank in New Jersey. His practice has been most comprehensive in its scope, but it is by his services as an advocate, in cases depending on political economy and constitutional law, that he has gained his chief reputation.

He is a close student, a deep thinker, an exhaustive and far-seeing advocate, and one of the best educated counselors on constitutional law. In



NEW YORK STATE.—ONEIDA COMMUNITY OF FREE LOVERS.—“THE WILLOW PLACE BRANCH” OF THE “O. C.” SILK-WORKS—THE FEMALE SUPERINTENDENT LAYING OUT WORK FOR THE UNREGENERATE OUTSIDE EMPLOYEES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.

private life he is modest, and unobtrusive in his manner, confining his labors, both as a lawyer, an orator, and a lecturer, within the limits of the State.

In 1844 he married the youngest daughter of the late Chief-Judge Hornblower, of New Jersey, and in 1859 received from Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., the degree of LL.D. He is a gentleman of varied ability, justly distinguished for a useful public career, a profound scholar in all the higher attainments, and a bright example of integrity in the private walks of life.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE pale of civilization—Pearl powder.

PLEADING at the bar—Begging for a drink.

THE moaning of the tide—A husband growling.

THE unkindest cut of all—That of the guillotine.

NEVER confide in a young woman—new pails leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged—old doors seldom shut closely.

A SCOTCH lady, who was discomposed by the introduction of gas, asked, with much earnestness, "What is to become of the poor whales?"

BOTH witty and sharp was that woman of Baltimore who sent to her grocer these lines: "Mr. Tuttle, this here thing has got too much hemp in it for mulasses, and not quite enough for a close-line, so I beg you will exchange it for sum noan artikle."

A DOWN-EAST paper says that persuasive and hounding agents are about in that region selling lightning rods. One old lady told an agent she had no fear of lightning, but she had always been afraid of thunder. "Just so," he replied, "we can meet your ease exactly. The square rods are lightning-rods, and the round ones thunder-rods. Of course she is now 'protected.'

A GENTLEMAN in Alabama, in exerting himself one day felt a sudden pain, and fearing his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation, who made some pretensions to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who, on arriving, inquired of the negro what medicine he had given his master. Bob promptly responded, "Rosin and alum, sir." "What did you give them for?" continued the doctor. "Why," replied Bob, "the alum to draw the parts together, and de rosin to solder 'em." The patient eventually recovered.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I can inform any one interested of hundreds of Wheeler & Wilson Machines of twelve years' wear, that to-day are in better working condition than one entirely new. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in Sewing Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest tests for durability and simplicity. GEO. L. CLARK. Lyndenville, N. Y.

RIMMEL, of Paris, has lately brought out another exquisite perfume for the handkerchief—"VANDA"—distilled from the flower of the Javanese orchid—ERIDES SVAEOLAE. It possesses, in a marked degree, the delicate and refreshing odor of the flower, and we predict it will become a great favorite with American ladies. The success of Rimmel's Ilang-Ilang, White Rose, Oriental Hyacinth, and other perfumes, show how much a good article is appreciated here.

When Rimmel's perfumes were first introduced here, it was thought they would not be able to compete with the long-established French brands then on the market. Confident in the excellence of M. Rimmel's extracts, Messrs. Edward Grey & Co., his special representatives, advertised them in all the leading journals in the country, and their enterprise has been rewarded with complete success, as to-day Rimmel's perfumes are found in every first-class drug-store in the United States.

It is saddening to see our hair blossoming for the grave too early. More especially women feel this affliction, and it is even a greater deformity to them than to men. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR removes it, and restores the hair sometimes, but its original color always.

The Rice Divorce Suit, for fraud in age, is causing great excitement in Boston. It should warn young men not to marry in haste. Rice is but twenty-two, his bride thirty-seven. He swears that she made him believe she was but his own age, by using Magnolia Balm upon her face, neck, and hands. Poor youth! he probably found her elbows weren't quite so soft and pretty. Ought Hagan to be indicted? We know of many similar cases. This Balm gives a most wonderful pearl and natural complexion, to which we don't object. We like pretty women. To finish the picture, they should use Lyon's Katharion upon the hair. With pearl chin, rosy cheeks, and soft, luxuriant tresses, they become irresistible.

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One of the most interesting novels of the present day is the production of Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, entitled "Three Casts for a Life," and now being published in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. It is a careful and accurate picture of Russian life in the olden time, and is full of startling situations and exciting dialogue.—*The Sun*.

The novel which Mr. Rosenberg has recently commenced publishing in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* is a story of Russian life—not modern, but some hundreds of years since, when white serfdom was a Caucasian balance to black slavery. The tale is constructed with great vitality and a sufficiently energetic power to render it more than interesting.—*The Telegram*.

In *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* we have a new novel from this author, whose stirring incidents and romantic characters completely eclipse his preceding works. The story is laid in early Russia. As a serial work, it is well worth perusal, for it is so artistically managed that the interest increases with every chapter, and the reader is kept on the tip-toe of expectation, as incident follows upon incident, and new characters are developed. "Three Casts for a Life" promises to be the most brilliant of Mr. Rosenberg's serial stories.—*Pomeroy's Democrat*.

Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, who, a few years back, while managing a prominent Philadelphia paper, made many friends in this city, is publishing a new tale in the columns of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. The scene is laid in Northern Russia under the rule of the Empress Anna. A French gallant, Count Chateaupers, while journeying to visit a boyard, is rescued from a morass by a lovely serf-girl. His romantic attachment to his protectress is becoming complicated with the claims of the son or her owner, whose recognition of her charms is as keen, though not as respectful, as his own. Mr. Rosenberg, as well known in the fine arts as in literature, has the artist's knowledge of composing and coloring a landscape or group so as to make it breathe and live; while he details a dialogue or accident as if it were passing under his eye. "Three Casts for a Life" will possibly bring in many new subscribers to the enterprising weekly in which it appears.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

"Three Casts for a Life" is the title of a new story appearing in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, from the pen of Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, well known in this community. The scene is laid in Russia, soon after the death of Peter the Great; and there is novelty in incidents and characters away from the beaten track. The chapters already published manifest graphic power of description, and give promise of an exciting romance, working out a complicated plot.—*Boston Transcript*.

The new novel by Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, now being published in *FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER*, promises an ample field of interest for the readers of periodical literature. It is very vigorously composed, and is called "Three Casts for a Life," the scene being laid in a yet untried field—early Russia.—*Boston Post*.

We have much pleasure in calling the attention of the romance-reading public to Mr. Rosenberg's new novel in *FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER*, "Three Casts for a Life." As far as it has gone, it is one of the most thrillingly powerful serials we have met with in our periodical press. It deals also with a new phase of life—that of Russia immediately after the death of the great Czar—a new phase, at any rate, to the general reader. The characters are clearly drawn, and handled with much force and distinct nerve.—*Home Journal*.

Mr. Rosenberg has commenced a new novel in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, which, judging from its commencement, promises to be both sensational and exceedingly interesting. The place and time of the story are early Russia, and it deals with the old-fashioned white slavery, or serfdom, of the Muscovite, with a force and freedom that argues a thorough knowledge of what it was some quarter of a century since. It is named "Three Casts for a Life," and displays the nerve and power for which the author is so remarkable. It will be unnecessary to give any idea of the plot as it is developed; but we may state to all who are fond of the novel and romance, that they will lose much if they neglect to read this, which is one of Mr. Rosenberg's best works.—*Sunday Despatch*.

Mr. Charles G. Rosenberg's new serial story, "Three Casts for a Life," is now running in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. It is powerfully and dramatically written, and will add increased interest to a periodical at present one of the most popular of its style in the country, as well as enhance the reputation of its talented artist-author.—*Leader*.

Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, equally known in art and literature, has completed and disposed of, to Frank Leslie, a novel entitled "Three Casts for a Life." In the opening chapters those materials are evident which sooner or later will culminate in what, upon the stage, would be called a "fine situation," while the story is told in that ornate, yet straightforward Rosenbergian English best suited to develop the powerful plot the author indicates.—*Sunday Times*.

"Three Casts for a Life" is the title of a story which Charles G. Rosenberg—poet, artist and novelist—is writing for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. The story in question is a romance of the popular school, and evinces excellent talent in the combination of the plot, and in the working out of the detail of the narrative.—*Boston Sunday Times*.

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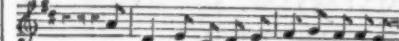
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